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HAVERHOLME
OR THE
Apotheosis of Jingo



BY
EDWARD JENKINS, M.P.



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HAVERHOLME.



HAVERHOLME

OR

THE APOTHEOSIS OF JINGO .

A Satire

BY

EDWARD JENKINS



WILLIAM MULLAN AND SON

LONDON AND BELFAST

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"En général les croyants font le Dieu comme ils sont eux-mêmes : les bons le font bon : les méchants le font méchant : les dévots, haineux et bilieux, ne voient que l'enfer, parce qu'ils voudraient damner tout le monde : les âmes aimantes et douces n'y croient guere : et l'un des étonnements dont je ne reviens pas est de voir le bon Fénelon en parler dans son Télémaque comme s'il y croyoit tout de bon : mais j'espère qu'il mentoit alors : car enfin quelque véridique qu'on soit, il faut bien mentir quelquefois quand on est évêque."

Rousseau, Confessions, part i. liv. vi.

PROLOGUE

CAPTIOUS. How now, brother Quill, another book?

QUILL. Ay! hast thou read it?

CAPTIOUS. Nay, thou art over inquiring, Master Quill; an we might never give an opinion on a book until we had read it, the honourable trade of Critic were mere beggary. Thou mayst take it I have read thy book.

QUILL. And hast thou gotten thy carping ready for the printer, brother Captious?

CAPTIOUS. Carping? I know not what you mean. Carping, forsooth! I deal but in honest criticism. Now there is a most notable great difference betwixt your Carper and your Critic. Your Carper nibbleth at everything, and, being of a queasy stomach, is apt to find all bitter and bilious. Where as

your Critic, your true Critic, resembleth him the Frenchman calls a gourmet, that tasteth skillfully and well, and discerneth the good from the bad. I am a Critic, Sir.

QUILL. *God wot, I would thou wert more like thine own picture of thyself, Master Captious. Thou wert then a beauty! Thou saidst thou hadst read the book?*

CAPTIOUS. *Well, well! Yea, brother! a most weak performance, worthy of thy brainless noddle, Master Quill. Look ye, Master Quill, ye are rather free of hard words. Moreover, ye are too forward and familiar with great names. See how thou hast girded at my Lord Benjingo, a passing great nobleman and the idol of the commonalty. Wotst thou not of the apostolic order—Speak not evil of dignities?*

QUILL. *Yea, an they be "dignities," in good sooth. But there be no evil in the truth, Master Captious, though thou, mayhap, hast not fallen in company with it in thy time. But I call to witness thyself, who hast these thirty years been brushing thy*

brains for the cobwebs thou callest criticism, whether there be set down in this book anything that hath not happened before all men and in the light of day? I have entered no man's house, and no man's closet, nor hobnobbed with footmen and butlers, to pry into the secrets of their masters and mistresses. But herein ye may read of that which is known and done openly and that be a fair butt for honest satire.

CAPTIOUS. Yea ! but, I say, thou girdest wantonly and cruelly at the great—the very idols of the time.

QUILL. Verily, and at such a time as this 'twere needful. When the wicked sit in high places, and the conscience of men regardeth success before honesty, and vapour before dignity, and outward appearances to inward sincerity and truth, were it not needful ?

CAPTIOUS. Ah ! Thou art over querulous, brother, over querulous. The world hath never been perfect.

QUILL. Truly : and never less perfect. Now thou talkest of hard words ! Read ye ever of one Runnymede ?

CAPTIOUS. Aye ! a rare rascal. A most scurvy

knave. The poison of asps was on his lips—a foul scum!

QUILL. Stay, stay, brother. Wot ye who he was, this same Runnymede?

CAPTIOUS. Nay, God wot, I care not.

QUILL. But thou shalt know—it was none other than this very idol of thine, my Lord Benjingo.

CAPTIOUS. Well, well, Quill, an it be my Lord Beelzebub, what of it? Let pass. He hath now reached his zenith. Ye see not in the noonday sun the spots that might be visible when he rose early through the mist nigh unto the horizon.

QUILL. Ah! thou art like all the world, Captious. It would bury the remembrance of the evil that leadeth to success, and let sink in oblivion the good and the true and the honest which have been weighted with evil fortunes. Oh, Captious, Captious, turn thee back, and read my book again. Thou art but a shallow-pated knave an thou findest here nothing but envy and ill-will.

HAVERHOLME

I.

THE OVERTURE.

SIR RICHARD MANDEVILLE HAVERHOLME, Baronet, and Member of Parliament for the borough of Bigbury, man of acres, heir to an ancient title, man of wit, a thinker, a good speaker, thought to be of fair business capacity, nevertheless on some subjects what is termed an "enthusiast," was talking in the lobby of the Noes, that is to say of the Opposition, of the House of Commons, with the Honourable Ernest Wyville Willesden.

This was the third son of Lord Rockleigh, and Member for Slopshire; a Radical Whig, a politician of years, but without success; friend successively of Peel, Aberdeen, Russell, Palmer-

ston, Cobden, Bright, and Gladstone; his old Radical energy blown out like one of the furnaces which helped to enrich and blacken the county he represented, leaving behind only the hard slag of a cold, sagacious cynicism and an utter disbelief in everything.

A debate was at the moment going on in the House, a discussion earnest if not animated. As some people grow earnest they become duller than they were before. This comes out conspicuously in Parliamentary debates. The one in question had already lasted some nights. The subject was worthy. It concerned nothing less than the future of South-Eastern Europe and the peace of the world. Something to talk about! On the other side of the wooden casing by which the House of Commons is boxed in from the lobbies could be heard the steady drone of a Scotch member, delivering himself, with all the calmness and volume of the Caledonian Canal, of what he termed the "sentiments of the Scottish people."

—Sentiments doubtless that ought to be heard : sentiments these that come from the minds and imaginations of a powerful race. Sentiments of a people whose enthusiasm and earnestness are very deep, and sober, and real, though sometimes slow.

The public mind was profoundly agitated on the question at issue. Naturally. The nation had fought its last great war over it. Every year the estimates still bore the burden of the rightful expenditure which, twenty years ago, had been thought by the great statesmen whose hands held the destinies of the Empire, needful to vindicate public law—for the defence of the weak against the strong—and to repress the overreaching ambition of a mighty Power. There were still living multitudes of those whose children and fathers, and brothers and cousins, lay in Crimean graves. No wonder the mind of the country seized hold of this question with unwonted intensity of thought and purpose. Feelings had changed. Peace had brought the habit of peace, and the love of it. Sympathies

had altered. Cruelty had alienated the goodwill felt towards one race, and blunted the ill-will against another. Public opinion was a maelström, on which, if you threw an idea or a fact, it whirled round and round with extraordinary rapidity, and then disappeared down a funnel into the depths.

But, to alter the figure,—two main strains were visible upon the network of public feeling. One was hatred and suspicion of Russia, the other was sorrow and sympathy for the suffering people of Turkey. No matter what motives prompted each party, this is what all men saw to be the main difference between them. And no one could honestly deny that the spring of the first was fear and self-interest, and the spring of the second was humanity, a faith in what was just and right, and a desire that the just and right should be done and that only. For the time the former seemed to be in the ascendant. It was the old battle between the Devil and God; and, up to the present mo-

ment, God appeared to outsiders to have been getting the worst of it.

One party thought the nation ought to go to war. It had not had a war for twenty years, except two miserable skirmishes in Abyssinia and the West Coast of Africa. A little blood-letting, they argued, was good for a plethoric nation. It was necessary for the national PRESTIGE, frittered away by a Goodrock-Stanmore administration—prosperous, money-making, economic, but defective in imperial flourish and go.

According to the high philosophers of the Old Tory (since improved into the *Jingo*) school, all this savoured too much of the Manchester and tradesman world. It was not “spirited.” “Interests” also were at stake, interests called “British.” A syllogism worthy of their logic expressed the views of the Jingo (*quondam* Tory) thinkers:

*Christianity and civilisation are good for the
world;*

*Britain is the most Christian and civilised
nation ;*

*Therefore, the interests of Great Britain are
the interests of the world.*

With such a syllogism as that, like a phylactery on your forehead, could you not face the world and outbrazen the Devil ?

“Eothen!” the East! the East! Every eye was turned towards the ancient cradle of humanity. Nonconformists, Atheists, and Ritualists, all alike assumed the eastward position. There, under the rising sun, in a sea of blood and tears, floated to and fro a terrible and tangled mass of questions, living, struggling, crying for help. The whole world stood aghast at the brightness and horror of the scene which suddenly flashed upon their eyes in the quiet autumn of a momentous year. That to which for long humane and Christian people had shut their ears and closed their eyes and steeled their hearts, hoping it was not after all so very bad, in the twinkling of an eye stood

forth unveiled, sounded out with an irrepressible clarion, pierced with its diamond point to the very centre of the hardest souls, and forced them all to turn and to regard it.

Marvellous power of helpless and hopeless and utter sorrow, which stirs the sternest heart to pity, or remorse, or a painful uncomfortableness which must be put out of the way!

No wonder that Britain, affrighted, a little ashamed, was unsettled. Traditionary policies were by some cast aside as ill adapted to the new state of things, or their own new views of them; by others insisted on as the anchors and cables of the surest statecraft. Parties were split up between abstract sympathies and the calls of party allegiance. A ship running before the wind; a gale in the horizon; a dizzy and confused state of opinion; an untrusted helmsman, and an uncertain crew: such were the State and its conditions.

II.

MR. WYVILLE WILLESSEN'S OPINIONS.

HAVERHOLME had just been making a speech; an able one, a strong one, in parts very eloquent; carefully thought out, and based on ample information; above all, earnest; and it appealed to one or two ideas which excited his friend's emphatic disapproval.

"You are an enthusiast, Haverholme," said the cynical elder. "That is a mistake. It does not pay, even if it be right: and it is not right. Enthusiasm is to common sense, what a dream is to reality. It plays havoc with clever men. In my life no man has taken a high place in Parliament who was not a cool and steady man of business. True, men flare up now and then and win a place

—Sercombe, for instance, a regular humbug—one of those Noncons—affects humanitarianism, anti-vivisection, woman suffrage, and the immunity of female vice from police interference. But, my dear fellow, I don't mix you up with such men, though you sail dangerously near them. They are soon found out. Bigotry ain't business. There's Goodrock, ruined by his infernal earnestness. China tea-cups and *bric-a-brac*—he goes mad over that. Trojan remains—too suspiciously Homeric to please my fancy—he rants over that. Papal infallibility—he foams against that. Hellenism is his rage, and Eastern Christianity is his climax of insanity. There never was so grand a madman; but, you see, for the world, it spoils him.”

“Let us leave Goodrock alone,” replied Haverholme; “I wish I were such a madman. I should like to have been as much beside myself as Paul was when he stood before Festus. It is enthusiasm, and not reason, which most moves the world.”

“I wonder you admit it, when you see the con-

sequences. History is full of them. You are unhappily too correct. And it is for men like you to restrain their enthusiasm, and follow their reason. We have too much preaching already: why should statesmen take to preaching? As for you, I have just listened to you with astonished admiration. What can induce a man of your general sense and culture to talk of 'the duty of every nation to guide its action by the highest principles of religion and morality'? Fudge! Where do you get the highest principles of religion and morality? What are they? I could understand your appealing to the principles of common sense, of utility, the teachings of experience."

"Why, take such principles as you find laid down in the Sermon on the Mount," cried Haverholme. "They are not impractical."

"The Sermon on the Mount contains some common sense and some enthusiasm," replied Willesden. "But for me it has no authority other than its intrinsic practical truth. The keener you

examine, the more convinced will you be, that what you and many others call the principles of religion and morality are mere sentiments—in fact, utter *bosh!* The world goes by utility. It is the Must-be and Ought-to-be by which affairs will be, and of necessity are, governed. And, I tell you, Must-be and Ought-to-be are not settled by theology, by superstition, by the cant of old-womanish bishops and priests and dissenting ministers, by ideas descended to us from the doting age of myths and divinities; but by the use and the appliance of practical common sense, combined with sound knowledge of circumstances—that is to say, of all the ascertainable facts. There, do you see that man Courtney going along there? He is one of the most accurate statisticians in Great Britain, and the most industrious. To my mind he is worth to the world more than fifty Methodist ministers, or ten bishops, or five cardinals, or one pope.”

“Well,” said Haverholme, laughing at the

other's table of values, "if you throw aside spiritual and moral ideas—responsibilities to a higher power——"

"Nonsense, Haverholme. Higher power! Of course, I throw that aside, like every other sensible man. I don't say anything about the lie that Nature and Science are every day giving to Moses, Joshua, and Company; or the crude superstitions still preached, and believed in, by our so-called 'spiritual advisers.' Look here. Take a test, I think a fair one. Apply it for yourself. You will admit that man is the superlative animal, of all beings anyhow the most intelligent. Well. If there be a God, he is an Intelligence also, and this intelligence of man would be in some sort of communication with the intelligence of God. He would know of God. He would believe in God. He would act as if there were a God, which I will assume would, on the whole, be rationally. Now, point out to me any man or set of men who afford by their lives and principles of action, when ac-

curately examined, clear, undoubted evidences that they are absolutely certain that there is a God—like the Being they describe Him to be. They may say what they like. They may profess what they please. They may chant the Athanasian Creed with fervour and its damnatory clauses with enthusiasm. But they cannot believe in it.”

“Oh!”

“I judge by their behaviour; but you understand my argument. It is out of the question that there should be a God,—an intelligent God, so little known to so many keen intelligences, and so little regarded, if known. Be sensible. Don’t weaken your wits and water your wisdom with sentiment and superstition. Stick to hard facts and logical consequences, and you will become a statesman. The truth is—and the conduct of humanity proves it—there is no God!”

III.

MONEY AND PRINCIPLE.

HAVERHOLME made no reply. He shrugged his shoulders, and leaving the old cynic, joined a white-haired, bright-looking man, with a large head, good front, black eyes, and a face which reminded one of the steel cut-water of a fast steam-yacht. He was a money-maker. A prodigious capital carried him through calm and storm with a resistless impetus of success. He represented one of the great monetary forces of Europe. With him, policies, revolutions, the play of parties, the antipathies and hostilities of nations, the bigotry of Greek and Roman Catholic and Protestant Christianity, were all questions to be judged by one consideration—in one relation—expressed

most shortly by the word "money." The alleged root of all evil was the root and standard of all his good. This was a necessary obligation of his prodigious fortune. No nation could move without in some way affecting it. His interests were everywhere. They were mixed up with the destinies of the human race.

Perhaps the reader has never thought of the amazing position held by such financiers as the one of whom I write. In every case Hebrews: of necessity able, astute, accomplished; informed as none but kings and princes and the greatest ministers are informed of the profoundest secrets of cabinets, of princely closets, of royal boudoirs, with what silence they exert their tremendous powers, and, on the whole, with what honour and principle and generosity! What is the future of this princely race, which sent to the climax of power in ancient kingdoms its facile Josephs and Mordecais, and Nehemiahs and Daniels, and which holds in its hands the financial fortunes of

the proudest nations? It is not dying out: it is growing. It is not suppressed: it emerges. Fifty years hence it will be the strongest power in the East, however Slav or Magyar may strive to stamp it out. At every centre of population a firm, pressing, mutually supporting force, it gains more and more of financial and political power, and recent instances show that the other races will have to look to their laurels, if they would not yield to this one the palm of intellectual superiority.

"Well, De Gex," said Haverholme, "what do you think of the debate?"

De Gex was a Liberal, but, like nearly all his co-religionists, he was a deadly hater of the great Slav power. In this the Jesuit, the Jew, and the Jingo are one.

"Oh, I think all you men are a set of fools."

"Candid," replied Haverholme, good-naturedly.

"Let me pray you of your wisdom to instruct me."

"You are imperilling the interests of this country for a sentiment."

"Sentiment!"

"Yes."

"What sentiment?"

"Why," said De Gex, "you place the so-called wrongs of a lot of poor ignorant, brutal people in the Balkan peninsula before the rights and fortunes of a vast civilised empire like ours. I call that stupid. We have too much to lose to justify us in adventuring sympathies at the risk of our position as a great Power and of our hold on India."

"Irrespectively of right and wrong?" cried Haverholme.

"Certainly. Right or wrong have little to do with it, when the very existence of the empire is in question."

"Is that your doctrine, De Gex? Do you not believe in humanity?"

"Oh, certainly, but I first believe in myself."

"Exactly," replied Haverholme; "and there it is we differ. My morality has taught me to believe and to think in and of everybody but myself first."

"Bah!" said De Gex, with a sardonic expression of countenance, "that is what you call Christianity. I have heard so many men talk like that. I never knew one act on it. It is absurd. As I say—it is not business. I don't care for anything that doesn't mean business. All this palaver—this twaddle in there," pointing over his shoulder with his thumb, "what do you think it is to me? Nothing. It affects nothing; it changes nothing. Every man's mind is already made up. I look at the vote. I ask what that is to be. Will it shake the Government? Will it affect the funds? Will it injure the stability of the country? Will it help to stop, or to bring on, a war in Europe? I heard you just now speaking of 'rights of nationalities.' I admired your speech very much, let me tell you. It was very well put together, striking, had a classic ring about it. But,—'rights of nationalities!' Who ever heard of that as a serious thing until Napoleon III. took it up, and worked it, like the fool he was, for dynastic reasons? It was his

madness. 'Freedom of the people of South-Eastern Europe!' Phrase! They are not fit for freedom; when they are, they will get it for themselves. All that may be very well in the mouth of Goodrock, who is a lunatic—but from the lips of a promising man looking for office——”

He shrugged his shoulders like a Frenchman and grimaced like an Italian.

“Oh, these are objects you don't believe in?”

“No; neither do you,” said De Gex.

“Excuse me, De Gex,” replied Haverholme; “you must, if you please, speak for yourself. I do believe in great moral and spiritual principles, revealed from a higher source, and demonstrated by the world's experience to be the right and positive truths of humanity, of society, of philosophy, of government. I——”

“Stay, Haverholme,” interrupted the senior. “Look here. Pardon me for cutting you short. I like always to come directly to the point in business, and business rests on facts. I never do

business with lunatics or poets. Now, we are a great nation—the richest, and therefore the most powerful, in the world. How did we become so? We never made our empire or our money by sentiment. We never won our place among the nations by strict adherence to moral principle. There was no justice in our conquest of India, any more than there was in the Spanish conquest of Mexico or Peru. We were the strongest. We had the greed of empire—and we satisfied it: ay! in spite of priests, and Bibles, and ‘eternal principles of truth and justice.’ We have not given it up yet. There’s South Africa, Fiji.”

“We were a crew of robbers and pirates,” cried Haverholme.

“No,” replied De Gex, “you need not say that. It is what the Turks call *kismet*. We were bound to do it. We saw, or felt instinctively, there was power in it; and power cleverly used is wealth, and wealth is the motive force of the world. Why, it is possible to defend it on Christian grounds,

I suppose. Were there not bishops in the House of Lords while all this was going on? How many of them ever protested against the rapacious and bloody policy of a Pitt as you, and men who think like you, would call it? They were too sensible. Don't drag religious sentiments into politics. They do not mingle well—they are essentially different. Nations have no conscience except interest, and no law except that of self-preservation."

Haverholme glanced at the not unhandsome Hebraic face before him. This was a descendant of the old Hebrews, who, at the word of their God, had spoiled the Egyptians—no uncongenial task for Jacob's offspring!—had made filibustering expeditions into Palestine, and, if their own records were true, had waged desolating wars against people whose only sin against them had been to resist their aggressions. Certainly, if there had been no principle behind this action, this modern Hebrew was a mere disciple of Moses and Joshua.

Haverholme spoke.

"Will you tell me, De Gex, on what grounds you defend the Hebrew invasion of Canaan? I suppose you stick to your own authorities, and believe that there were righteous grounds for what seems to us to be their cruel and inhuman policy? Perhaps you believe it was a command of God, or something of that sort?"

"I leave all that to the Rabbis," replied the other, flushing up. "I don't understand it. It was *kismet*. They had to do it. And you remember that by Solomon's time, the Jews had made a pretty good thing out of it. Success justifies everything. Besides civilisation, a purer religion came of it. I certainly do not feel bound to defend or to support all that my forefathers did, any more than you would. For instance, I imagine a Haverholme came over with William the Conqueror.

"You are wrong, sir. Haverholme is a Saxon name."

"Well, that only carries back the supplanting

progenitor a century or two, I suppose," cried old Mr. De Gex, laughing.

"I do not see," rejoined Haverholme, "that we are clearing the way a bit. I am deeply interested in your ideas. Though, from a different point of view, they harmonise strangely with something I have just been hearing from Willesden. Do you believe in a God?"

The Jew started, horror-stricken.

"Believe in a God, Haverholme!" he exclaimed. "You cannot mean to insult me, or to joke on so solemn a subject. Do I believe in the history of my race?"

The Jew seemed to be deeply moved.

"Well, I heartily beg your pardon if I have hurt you; but I am anxious, if possible, to know on what ground we are travelling. You objected to my taking a stand on moral or spiritual ideas or principles."

"Oh, no, not abstractedly. I objected to your intruding mere theology into politics and business."

"That is really the same thing," said Haverholme. "You object to my employing my religious and moral principles in a practical manner. You object to a nation's doing the same. In effect, then, you deny that such principles ought to govern men and nations. I observe you have two very definite ideas: one is *kismet*, the other 'interest.'"

"Ay! fifty per cent.," interposed Sir William Waterby, enthusiast and humorist, who, standing with his back to a lobby fireplace, had been listening to the latter part of the conversation. De Gex laughed good-naturedly. There is no place in the world where men give and take so handsomely as in the lobbies of the House of Commons.

"Why, of course," went on Sir William, "our friend goes in for principle as well as interest."

"Exactly," replied De Gex. "The world is governed by principal and interest. You can divide society into those who own and those who borrow, voluntarily or involuntarily. You are

aware that you cannot keep capital long unless you make interest on it. It must grow or disappear. You cannot have power long unless you take care of principal and interest."

"Ah! I would rather take interest on your principal than an interest in your principles," rejoined Sir William, playing on the doubtful humour of De Gex, with a humour quite as indifferent. "But, seriously, now, what are you two men talking about?"

"Why," said De Gex, "here is our friend Haverholme, not a fool, who handles his own estate like a man of business, and on business affairs talks like a practical man, spouting in the House about our national obligations to liberty, humanity, civilisation, oppressed peoples, moral principles, and what not. Now things like these, no doubt, ought to lie at the bottom of human conduct, but I tell him the world is not, and never was, governed by these abstract considerations. All questions really resolve themselves, however much men

may affect to put principle at the front, into the balancing of interests, private or national, and when the issue is once determined on that footing, the strongest wins the day. What do you say ? ”

“ I say that I never heard Phariseeism so frankly expressed,” replied Sir William Waterby, “ though I believe a good part of the world acts upon it. Lord Granville and the Prince of Wales take the chair at a Licensed Victuallers’ festival. They are hardly governed by the abstract principle that a Licensed Victualler is a most godly and healthy institution, I suppose ; but they do in their hearts most honestly believe that it is a most useful thing to keep him in a good humour with royalty or the Liberal party.”

“ Ingenious,” cried Haverholme, “ but hardly pat. What were you going to say about the matter in hand ? ”

“ Well, as to the matter in hand, I differ with all of you. De Gex and the Jingos would fight

for interest ; you would fight for principle ; and I would neither fight for interest nor principle. I am opposed to fighting altogether."

"You would resist an invasion ? "

"It depends very much," replied Waterby. "I can conceive a better man than Benjingo coming over at the head of an army, and offering to govern the country, and my feeling that anything was preferable to being governed by *him*, and therefore assenting."

"But talk seriously. Do you say that we, leaders in the van of civilisation and Christianity, have no responsibility resting on our shoulders in regard to the oppressed subjects of the Porte ? "

"No, not quite. But I believe in freedom won by people who deserve it. I believe in minding our business, and leaving other people to mind theirs. I believe in cultivating and maintaining peace, and seeking it in all ways and at all times. I believe in setting an example of a pacific and not an intermeddling disposition."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" cried De Gex, "you entirely throw over English honour and English interests."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" cried Haverholme, simultaneously, "you entirely throw over the principles of right and wrong."

"Well, I fail to see," said Sir William Waterby, "why we should enter on Quixotic enterprises to establish freedom in South-Eastern Europe. Why should we spend a hundred thousand men and millions of money in setting that part of the world in order? We have nothing to lose, that I can see, by anything that takes place there. We have nothing to gain but bother, trouble, and expense by a crusade or an annexation. British interests are not menaced, on the one hand; and, on the other, my principle is a higher one than yours, Haverholme,—it is peace!"

"The man who would seek peace at the expense of honour and independence is undeserving of liberty," said the Jew, warmly.

"The man who would sacrifice principles and ignore responsibilities for the sake of peace is worse than an infidel," cried Haverholme, with indignation. "Do you believe there is a God?"

"Yes, a God of Peace," replied Waterby.

"Remember this," said De Gex, anxious to change the serious turn that things had taken, "we have a distinct interest in the Eastern Question. If Russia once gets Constantinople and a footing on the Ægean, our position as an Eastern Power is threatened."

"Threatened by what?" inquired Waterby.

"By a vast, aggressive, unscrupulous, ambitious, determined Slav Power."

"Nonsense," replied Waterby. "Russia is as much menaced by a vast, aggressive—what did you say?—unscrupulous, ambitious, determined British Power. Let us leave one another alone. What have we to do at Constantinople? Let Russia have it, if it will do her any good."

Oh, bother!" cried the banker; "what is the

use of talking to you! You are an utterly impracticable fellow. The existence of our empire is at stake, and you stand there talking as coolly about Russia at Constantinople as if it were only Holland in New Guinea."

"Come," said Haverholme, "I must interpose to keep the peace—the peace that Waterby prefers to principle, and to prevent the war which De Gex would wage in contravention of principle. I am bound to tell you that I think you a couple of unprincipled rascals—the one from worldliness, the other from folly. That is my judgment."

Two hats were lifted with mock gravity, and then the three, with a hearty laugh, emphasised by a wink from Sir William Waterby, went their several ways.

IV.

THE LOBBY AND ITS FIGURES.

HAVERHOLME was disturbed. The cynic atheism of one man, the cynic worldliness of the other, the cynical morality of the third, troubled him. What struck him most acutely was, that their positions, different as they were, rested on a negation of responsibilities. Practically, all three fell back on pure expediency, only disagreeing as to what was expedient. Waterby alone had some shallow and narrow stretch of principle on which to float his preposterous neutrality. Said Haverholme to himself,—

“Does not all this confirm old Willesden’s scornful sarcasm?—‘*No one really believes, or acts and thinks as if he believed, that there is actually a God.*’”

Thrusting his hands into his trousers' pockets, he went out into the outer lobby, thridding its curious crowd, composed of members, of deputations, of local and national wire-pullers, parliamentary agents, secretaries of societies humane, religious, and political; country parsons, ever the most avid aspirants for the barren enjoyments of a parliamentary debate; newspaper correspondents, and police. "*Anarchy plus the Policeman*,"—a strange and interesting medley, worth any man's watching who cares to study human nature!

Let us glance at it a moment.

There stands a man who to-day has slipped in by chance, for he has long since been forbidden the lobbies. A gentle, sober-faced man, with carefully-brushed hair and whiskers of an iron grey. For six or eight years, almost every day that Parliament has sat, he has haunted Westminster Hall. His clothes neatly brushed, his boots carefully polished, his high shirt collar unimpeachably white and stiff, you may see him

standing, his hands behind his back, his face expressing a keen earnestness—ever on the sharp look-out for somebody or something that never comes. Now and then he succeeds in catching the eye of some unimportant member, and addresses him; he button-holes him with a quiet, tentative, yet anxious finger. The member tries to run away, but the finger follows him, and only reluctantly lets go. There is a tragedy in that man's life. He believes himself to have been wronged, cruelly wronged, and wronged by the Government. That wicked Government had, as he believes at the bottom of his soul, taken and used the ideas of an invention he had patented, and in which his large imagination had already seen a future Pactolus running with golden riches. A petition of right, a few days' trial, a tourney of keen lawyers, an overwhelming array of legal talent and of scientific experts, and the poor man walked out of court beat—stricken and smitten, harmless and helpless, and to spend his days and

nights in the vain quest of sympathy and of aid to redress the wrongs he believes to be so gross, and to vindicate the claims he thinks so undeniable. Seven long years of this hopeless waiting and watching, and the face grows older day by day, and the hair whiter, and the features look as if an ancient soft dust was settling over them: and there he stands now, patient, wistful, with a sedate gaze into some impossible future of righteous retribution.

There is a tall man, also grey, stooping, thin; his long, seedy frock-coat hanging on him loosely, his face drawn and wrinkled, his eyes growing filmy. What is he? Who is he? Who knows? Members who have seen him for twenty years, and who speak to him, and occasionally give him an order for the gallery, cannot tell his name,—have never ascertained his business, or only have a hazy idea that he is distantly connected with some Society for the Amalgamation of Peoples in the Bonds of Universal Brotherhood. How he evades

the stern policemen at the portal—who challenge even country gentlemen with acerbity, and teach the too intrusive stranger a lesson in reverence and humility before the great House and these its constabulary porters—is a mystery. His look is against him, retiring and slouching. His voice is against him, whispering, inaudible. His hat and his coat are eminently out of sorts in that lobby except when Mr. Roebuck, who always looks as if he had just been furnishing his outfit in Dudley Street, is passing through. But there, day after day, whispering in corners with members, or sitting patiently on one of the benches, watching the crowds when there are any, and the bar when the lobby is empty, stands and sits this ancient figure. What is it? Who can solve the mystery?

There is a large, stout, fine-nosed looking gentleman questioning Mr. Hartley at the door. Having an aggressive aspect, slightly toned down by religious discipline, he interviews men with a decisive equality of manner that proves him to

be no ordinary person. His broad handsome hat, his correct clerical dress, his large ring, his comfortable and dignified, though by no means inconvenient, corpulency, indicate a flourishing cause and a full subscription list. He is one of the policemen of the Church. He guards her outmost fencings; he catches her runaway boys, and brings them back, ear in finger; he detects; he intrigues; he organises; he travels, makes speeches, draws up addresses and petitions. Wherever that coat and hat are seen, you may be sure the Church is in danger. Some son is growing weak and halting; some stupid clergyman is compromising the Establishment by a feeble concession; some Evangelical is making way against High Churchism; some Nonconformist is pressing home an attack, or perhaps insidiously inducing a good-natured parson to strain a point about a burial or a tombstone. Against all this, over and above his high spiritual function of fighting against wickedness in high and low

places, the reverend doctor contends, and contends actively, manfully, and straightforwardly. And here he is to-day, to coach members on a *congé d'elire* bill, perhaps, and to watch lest Nonconformity should make an advance, as Butler might have put it, from the south to the south-west side of a hair nearer the sanctuary of the Church.

But, as appearances indicate, he makes a good thing out of it—enough to keep his body healthy, his hat shiny, and his coat glossy. A good deal more than is made by that alert little secretary of the Natives' Friend Society, who gives up hours and days, and sacrifices many and many a chance of gain, in closely following up the action of governments and individuals all round the wide globe in their relations to the unprotected aborigines. To these friendless ones he has been a devoted friend. On their cause, so large, so just, so human, he has lavished the wealth of an able and cultured mind and of unwontedly great attainments. From them he can hope for nothing

but thanks imperfectly expressed, or ignorant disregard, or the vague gratitude of men who draw a blessing they know not whence. The pockets of the rich are not so open to these real sorrows and widely human questions as they are to the support of class prejudices, or to the satisfaction of sectarian animosity. His salary is less than half that of the secretary to the Society for Legalising Unlawful Marriages committed by some few score of rich men, who wish the country to remedy the foreseen and inevitable consequences of their breach of law.

V.

TROUBLESOME THOUGHTS.

SUCH figures, and many more as interesting and dramatic, may be picked out day by day by the careful gleaner in the throng at the entrance to the House of Commons.

But Haverholme was in no humour at the moment to stop and study the characters of those who moved around him. Pushing along slowly he mused, seeing and hearing nothing.

“No God!” he was saying to himself; “no God to be discerned or evidenced in the life and conduct of men who profess to believe in Him! No true following of God, if we bring to the test of the acknowledged standard even the principles of those who say they believe in Him! How indignant De Gex was when I asked him whether he

believed in a Deity! And yet how can he reconcile his theories of life with the necessary principle of responsibility to a Being superlatively good and just and true? How far is Waterby's pacific toleration and his indifference to rank injustice and evil, in accord with such a high ideal of duty as is involved in the very conception of a God 'who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity'? Are responsibilities to a Divine Being, and principles of righteousness, like Sunday clothes, to be packed away in lavender for ordinary life, and only brought out on *fête* days and fasts? Or is it possible that Willesden is right, and that, after all, the whole of that complex edifice of spiritual and moral principle which people call religion is but an illusion of intellect—the vainest fiction of human ingenuity, 'the baseless fabric of a vision'? Why, it seems to me that Positivism is a holy religion beside the actual atheism of these people."

The words of Willesden had penetrated deeply into Haverholme's mind. The idea the former

had suggested to him struck him by its novelty and its daring. "Abandon the notion of looking for evidence derivable from Nature, which is only a dumb spokesman, and which, being questioned, makes no articulate answer on spiritual matters. Look for your proofs in the spiritual and intellectual habits of the most intelligent creatures." This, in effect, was what Willesden had demanded. And Haverholme asked himself whether the demand were unreasonable or unfair. Whether it were or were not, it was not comfortable. As a man of the world, though a young one, Haverholme could not help having a shrewd suspicion that such an inquiry might yield some startling results. With that moral cowardice which most of us feel when we approach the edge of a line we have drawn around ourselves as indicating the limits of safety, he dared not look out beyond lest he should find there a great gulf, and an impenetrable mystery. He wished to shake off the unhappy apprehensions a few words had been enough to excite.

"Willesden," he said, musing, "is absolutely wrong in fact. It is not true that mankind so universally ignores and practically denies a God. If God is got out of the way, I grant that principles of religion and morality have no bearing, no relation, and, so far as I can see, only a limited and very base use. I have never had any faith in the mere expediency of morality and religion—certainly not beyond certain boundaries where questions of health and worldly advantage obviously come in view. Old Whewell's morality was a sheer humbug if you could not fix a base for it somewhere beyond, in a revelation, a belief in a Before and a Hereafter, an accountability to a supreme, indubitable Right. But this proposition of Willesden's is capable of proof or disproof, and must be met."

VI.

“NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS”

—HOWEVER WON.

HE had reached the bar of the House of Lords. Before him was a brilliant scene, one to stir the heart of any Englishman. In that scene were embodied how much of historic glory, of splendid memories, of lofty principles carried into a nation's Constitution, of the grandeur of a people peerless and free.

The gorgeous chamber, illuminated just sufficiently to show its colours and proportions through a mellow atmosphere; the crimson benches crowded with peers; the stately Chancellor on the woolsack in front of the throne; behind him, in picturesque groups eagerly attentive, ex-ministers, members of the Royal household,

sons of peers, ambassadors ; on his right, grave and reverend, the full parterre of lawn-sleeved bishops ; on the cross-benches two princes of the blood-royal ; the benches on either side of the table, at which sat, wigged and gowned, the clerks of the House, crowded with the flower of English statesmanship and nobility ; the seats that ran along under the elaborate walls, and the light gallery above, brilliant with the toilettes of the princesses, peeresses, and dames who grace the proudest and most ancient Court in Europe ; at the bar, and on either side of the gallery, a press of Her Majesty's faithful Commons, intently hearkening for the words of destiny which fell from a man who, standing at the table of the House, with a slow delivery, ungainly gestures, an affected manner and accent, a painful repetition of the words, " My Lords, My Lords," was yet carrying with him the breathless attention of that vast, that proud, that powerful, that unparalleled assembly.

A great debate was proceeding on the all-absorbing topic of the day. An extraordinary event had happened. A powerful member of the Ministry had resigned. He disagreed with his colleagues on a vital question of policy or of action : no one knew which, and it did not much matter, as ministerial policy and action are so inextricably interwoven. Lamed by the reticence imposed on him as a condition of his office, he had made a halting explanation. The Premier was answering his late colleague's speech.

"What has he been saying, Bunting?" asked Haverholme, of a young man of his own age, who was standing at the bar, dark, keen-looking, with a satirical dip of the mouth on either side.

"Saying," replied the other, with a sneering emphasis, "everything you would expect him to say. His desire for peace is unquenchable ; but he protests that it is impossible until English honour is satisfied and English interests are safe."

"Well, we all admit that."

“Exactly: but, you see, he has a recondite and esoteric reading of English honour and interest, of the meaning of which for the present he does not condescend to inform us. Some time ago they were defined in a despatch of the then Foreign Secretary and in a speech of the Home Secretary. Now it looks as if they were to be defined anew, and enlarged. Russia has taken too much care not to overstep the bounds, and England has nothing to quarrel with. Lord Benjingo is going to keep all that to himself. He declares that the public interest demands that he should be silent on those topics.”

“And what else?”

“He expresses his sincere regret at losing the one friend in the world for whom he had always entertained and still cherishes the warmest devotion. At the same time he drops a few vitriolic spots on the memory of that noble friend.”

“Seeing that he has managed to use that friend as long as he found him necessary, and to drop

him as soon as he safely could, there is a Mephistophelean daring about the declaration which has a touch of the devilishly humorous about it," said Haverholme.

"Precisely," replied Bunting. "Tories and Whigs here have been unanimous in laughing at it. Further, he has argued and proved to his own satisfaction and that of circumambient Jingoos that Her Majesty's Government has always been of one mind; always pursued one unswerving policy; always gone to the utmost verge of concession to meet the views of the Powers; always been the leader of European opinion; in fine, he has convinced me that I am an imbecile; that I cannot understand what I see and hear; that I forget everything that passes; that party prejudices have blinded me to the unimpeachable and ineffable virtues of my Lord Benjingo and his precious Cabinet. I am also convinced that facts in this world are of no consequence, and ought to have no weight in determining judgments, since

this wizard is able to take them and so manipulate and toss them about, and present them in such lights, that most men will believe they have never happened or existed. Hear him now! He is perorating about the British Empire; flummery one would have been ashamed of at the Union; but, you see, it is cheered by his friends as if it embodied undying truths in superlative language. Look there! There is Lord de Saltimbury encouraging him with lively inarticulate approbation. When you remember what that growling though clever peer has said here and there about his new brother, and how he tore to shreds the Jingo fears and fancies about Russia and the road to India and British interests, on that day when the unfortunate Lord de Skwawly put a question to him, you may well ask if, when the Son of man comes, He is likely to find honesty in the earth. Go and get Hansard, and read the speech made about the man he now consents to follow, by Lord de Saltimbury in the other House, on the 15th July,

1867. He charged his leader with political tergiversation; he practically charged him with deceit; he charged him in effect with lying. In a memorable passage he entreated honourable members to desist from the worship of mere success. He vindicated party government as government by parties led by statesmen who adhered to definite principles, and protested against making the House of Commons a mere scrambling place for office. I recall one sentence, which I have long treasured in my memory:—

“‘You practically banish all honourable men from the political arena, and you will find, in the long run, that the time will come when your statesmen will become nothing but political adventurers, and that professions of opinion will be looked upon only as so many political manoeuvres for the purpose of attaining office.’

Is this prophecy come to pass, and is the most distinguished example of it to be the noble prophet himself? What does it all mean, Haverholme? Do these men suppose that their lives and their professions, which have so long been before the

public, are not transparent? Or do they count on public forgetfulness? Or do they depend on the degradation of the public conscience? Again those cheers! and from the men who, ten years ago, would have cut off their feet rather than follow his leadership. Good heavens! Haverholme, when I look at that man, and think that the destinies of this great empire, with all that it implies of good and evil, are in his hands, I ask myself whether it is possible there can be a God?"

Haverholme started. By an odd coincidence Bunting had hit upon his friend's line of thought. The problem was certainly bewildering. If Lord Benjingo had once said that "Nothing succeeds like success," he had never said that "Success justifies success." But the world appeared to admit this, and the over-ruling Deity in whom men like Haverholme believed seemed to let it pass. Society no longer inquired by what arts, manœuvres, tricks, lies, any man had risen to a

great position. It accepted Benjingo as he was—a consummate actor. He had converted himself from Radicalism to Conservatism. From Conservatism he had converted his party to Radicalism; and now he was converting them back again to an improved Tory dogma called Constitutionalism. All in the open day, amid the cheers of the spectators, who, recognising the unprincipled nature of the process, were nevertheless carried away with admiration by the daring effrontery of this extraordinary magician!

VII.

AN UGLY RECOLLECTION.

TRIUMPHANT, smiling, amid the gentle cheers of the Lords he sits down. In these hours of genial victory does he ever revolve the past? Does he ever recall a memorable evening in the House he has left, when, in the course of a debate in which he had provoked memories of his dishonourable career, there arose on the other side of the table a tall and splendid figure, arose with fire in its eye and anger in its voice, to remind him of the great man gone, his friend and patron, whom he, then a mere political chatterbox, now Chancellor of the Exchequer, had snapped, snarled and barked at, and worried with brutal and incessant fury?

“For my part,” said the grand figure, looking

down majestically on the cringing form below it, which drew its arms together and sat huddled up in affected indifference, while the lances of the other's look and scorn pierced to the very soul,—“for my part, I acquit the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as far as his own convictions are concerned, of the charge of ever having been a Protectionist. I never for one moment thought he believed in the least degree in Protection. I do not accuse him of having forgotten what he said, or what he believed, in those years. *I only accuse him of having forgotten now what he then wished it to appear that he believed.*”

While the unhappy victim squirmed uneasily under the vitriol of this subtle and terrible sarcasm, the speaker turned awhile to others and reviewed their opinions. A friend of Peel, he, by and by, came to speak of that noble English character, in a passage of simple eloquence and power.

“Sir,” he said, “I think the memory of Sir

Robert Peel stands on a pedestal from which no counter-motion, even if it could be carried in this House, could remove it. I knew Sir Robert Peel during my whole life almost. I admired him as a politician; I followed him as a leader; and loved him as a man. He was a man, mind you, susceptible, proud, and justly proud, of the purity of his motives,—jealous of his honour. I sat by him night by night on that bench when he was attacked by the foulest language and accused of the meanest crimes. But Sir Robert Peel was a man of a generous nature; he was one who never rejoiced in the humiliation of an adversary, and he would have recollected this, that the humiliation—if humiliation it were—was a humiliation to be inflicted not only on those who had assailed him, but also upon gentlemen for whose character he had the warmest regard. I don't confound honourable gentlemen opposite with those who calumniated Sir Robert Peel. I recollect even when party strife was embittered to the utmost, when

men's passions rose high, when great disappointment was felt at the course Sir Robert Peel had taken, even at that moment there were honourable gentlemen opposite who continued a general support to his Government, and who never when they opposed this very bill either threw a doubt upon his motives or assailed his integrity. I say, then, that the memory of Sir Robert Peel requires no vindication; his memory is embalmed in the grateful recollection of the people of this country: and I say that if ever retribution is wanted—for it is not words that humiliate, but deeds—if a man wants to see humiliation—which God knows is always a painful sight—*he needs but look there!*”

And the tall and splendid figure pointed a finger trembling with scorn, which was emphasised by eye and voice, towards the guilty thief of a great man's reputation—the Protectionist, who had no faith in Protection, turned into a Free Trader who did not care for Free Trade.

“I must say,” said a famous Parliamentary hu-

morist in the same debate, with more liveliness but with less terrible force, speaking of the same character—"I must say that since the lamented demise of that celebrated Oriental juggler, Ramo Samee, a gentleman who was equally known for his dexterity of hand and his great courage—a gentleman who could alike cut for himself a hand of trumps and swallow a broadsword—I have known no individual with so many ingenious devices and such inordinate capacity of swallow, as the right honourable gentleman the creator of his party in this House."

He, thus described, thus denounced, by the appalling indignation of a great and serious statesman, and whipped with the satire of an Irish wit, was the man who just now stood addressing the Lords, a peer of the realm, Prime Minister, his Sovereign's favourite and confidant, the friend and colleague of Lord de Saltimbury, the idol of the clubs, the aristocracy, the counterjumpers and the comic singers of the empire.

In face of this marvel it was no wonder that

Haverholme was startled by the query whether such a career could be reconciled with the idea of an over-ruling Providence. He asked himself what must be the effect on the public conscience, on political morality, on young ambitions, on the tone of society at large, of the too transparent, too conspicuous features of the history and adventures of Lord Benjingo?

VIII.

THE MARQUESS DE SALTIMBURY.

FASCINATED by the scene before him, Haverholme remained in the House of Lords. A Scottish duke, ardent, brilliant, eloquent, maintained in an animated speech those very arguments which Haverholme had less warmly used in the other House, and on which Willesden's reprobation had fallen.

As the words came hot from the fiery brain of the enthusiastic Scotsman, Lord de Saltimbury, sitting beside the Premier, showed by his manner and movements that they were dropping like sparks upon his skin, and would presently provoke him to some outcry.

For a moment let us pause, and take a look at

Lord de Saltimbury, who now sits in such close neighbourliness, in an amity so ostentatious, with my Lord Benjingo. How has the hatred which these men have notoriously borne towards each other been appeased? How has a friendship between them been cemented? Has each found that he had mistaken the other: the one in believing the other to be an intriguing and unscrupulous adventurer; the latter in regarding the former as a conceited, ill-conditioned, and vulgar brawler? They have said as much of each other. What has induced them to change their opinion? If they are both honest men, only honest explanations and the removal from the mind of each of its judgment of the other, could have brought them to walk arm-in-arm, to exchange civilities, to open to each other the hospitality of those domestic hearths that ought to be sacred to honourable friendship.

You may depend, all this was passing through Haverholme's brain as he watched the two together.

How could it be otherwise with Willesden's sarcasm fresh in his mind? Our baronet had never been guilty of accusing Lord Benjingo of the weakness of religious enthusiasm, though, for political purposes, that cunning actor dated letters on Feast days, and passed bills to "put down Ritualism." It was the transparent frankness of Lord B. which made him so charming a study. A Mephistopheles who owned himself Mephistophelean, and yet won the faith of multitudes, is indeed a genius for the world to wonder at and worship.

But it was quite the contrary with Lord de Saltimbury. He represented in a strong degree the elevated and pompous ecclesiasticism of the High-Church school. He believed there was a God—firmly, assuredly. A God who ordained a Church Apostolic, and a royalty and an aristocracy fit to worship in it. And he withstood Dissent as the Archangel Michael did the Devil, or as Moses must have repelled Jannes and Jambres—whoever

those ancient nonconformists may have been. Therefore Haverholme was entitled to hope that here he might find a man in whom religion and a high sense of personal honour combined to present an example fit to confute the sweeping declaration of Willesden.

It was known at the bar of the House of Lords that the Marquess de Saltimbury was to assume the place just left vacant by Lord Knowlsley, the outgoing Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Every one was familiar with the new secretary's history, a brilliant though not a pleasing one.

Heir to one of the loftiest of the English peerages, not alone did he inherit from his father a historic name and an illustrious station, but he possessed in himself strong and rugged brains and a brilliant intellectual capacity. His nature was proud, his habit of thought cynical. All his instincts and all his sympathies were with the Past. Anything came recommended to him if it were supported by Antiquity, Property, Established

Precedent, and Rule. With a singularly bold and opinionated intelligence, he did not range beyond bounds, narrow bounds, fixed by education and temperament. Every novelty He scanned with suspicion. To be new was in his mind to stamp an idea with vulgarity and worthlessness. With rare vivacity and roughness—a vivacity and roughness all the more intense because he had voluntarily shut up his energetic mind in an iron box of prejudice and dogma—he attacked, repelled, resisted modern ideas. To be an honest Liberal was with him to be a fool; and to be a Liberal-Conservative was to be a knave. He had few sympathies and no imagination. He was unable to reconcile the old and the new. The superiority of Things as they were, the perils of Things as they might be—these two ideas constituted his political base. In defending the one and denouncing the other there was no measure to his zeal. Satire, sarcasm, invective, abuse—all hard, inflexible, dogmatic, essentially stupid though

superficially brilliant—were the weapons of his political warfare.

It was one of his healthiest characteristics that his most withering scorn was brought into play against those who, not wholly emancipated from a Fetish-worship of the Past, yet sought to reconcile as much of the old as could be preserved with as little of the new as dexterous political management could induce society to accept. These he deemed Iscariots to a Divine cause. And the High Priest, or Camerlengo, or, as not so very long ago, my Lord de Saltimbury would have said, “the Arch-fiend,” or Mephistopheles, of these compromisers was Lord Benjingo.

They had never been friends, these two. The one was in public life, and conducting his party with Machiavellian subtlety, when the other, young, stupid, and generous, came into it. The one was English; the other Asiatic. The blunt directness of the one ill-assorted with the supple ingenuity of the other. The robust intellect of

Lord de Saltimbury was so distinct from the versatile, mercurial genius of Lord Benjingo. And, besides, each loved to rule; the one with force, the other with wit; the one with noise, the other with show. They were a pair no autocratic monarch would have thought of driving in the same team; the skin of the one was so sleek, the coat of the other so rough.

And yet to-day this ill-matched pair were working together like brethren. The significance of this fact was deepened by the late behaviour of the two men, sitting as they had been in the same Cabinet, regarding the great question of the day. The amused world had watched them covertly spitting and sparring at each other. My Lord Benjingo had used words which implied that his colleague was a fool. My Lord de Saltimbury had distinctly implied that his colleague was an ass. It seemed as if, under the humanising influences of sympathy, Lord de Saltimbury's views had expanded. He had certainly given evidences of

an unexpected development of Liberal ideas. He had obstructed the Jingo tendencies of his leader. He had resisted the unconstitutional influences which that bold and ambitious genius sought to employ from his position as a Court favourite. To the florid and rococo notions of Imperial glory flourished by his political chief he opposed the more dignified and ancient principles of our national grandeur. When Lord Benjingo blew blasts of fury on brazen trumpets, Lord de Saltimbury merely laughed at people who flew to alarums when there was no danger in sight. Lord Benjingo insisted that it was essential to the world to maintain the integrity and independence of the Turkish Empire. Lord de Saltimbury coldly asked how you could maintain the impossible. After Lord Benjingo had frightened the country into convulsions with sensational pictures of the dangers that threatened our Indian Empire, Lord de Saltimbury, taking the fustian in his fingers, picked the threads apart, and, with a sneering gesture,

threw them away. He commented on the stupidity of such terrors as found expression in the Premier's speeches, and sily recommended school "geography and the use of the globes" to a veteran in statesmanship. They sat at the same Cabinet council, and threw sarcasms at each other across the table. They dined together before the loyal Citizens of London, and fustian and scissors came into contact amid the cheers of Cutlers and Merchant Taylors.

To-night they were good friends and firm political allies. Within forty-eight hours a change had come over their spirits. They had smoked the pipe of peace and buried the tomahawk.

IX.

THE MARQUESS DE SALTIMBURY EXPLAINS HIS
POSITION.

WHEN Lord de Saltimbury rose to reply to the Scotch duke there was a hush in the assembly. Others besides Haverholme were eager to hear how the speaker, who had all along seemed to have acted in sympathy with the outgoing Minister of Foreign Affairs, rather than with the Chief of the Cabinet, would account for the fact that he was now ready to accept the latter's programme of blatant and adventurous Jingoism, and abandon the policy of dignity, humanity, and peace. What influences had been at work? What motives had wrought this change in the Marquess's personal feelings? Was he

going to throw over his former declarations, to stultify his famous continental course of diplomacy, to eat his own criticisms, sarcasms, sentiments, arguments? He said:—

“The treaty of San Stefano has fallen like a thunderbolt on Europe. It destroys the independence of Turkey; it is the subjection of Turkey to Russia. It is a violation of treaties; an insult to the public law of Europe. It strikes at the vitals of the British Empire. I have to-night laid upon the table a despatch, which, in assuming the office conferred upon me by Her Most Gracious Majesty, I have thought fit to address to the diplomatic agents of the Queen abroad. The Emperor of Russia made war upon Turkey without the assent, and in spite of the protests, of the co-signatories of the Treaty of Paris. We took no action at the time, but we formally protested. At the triumphant close of the war the Czar has imposed upon the Porte conditions which virtually make it a vassal Government. It is

true that the treaty is only provisional, and that Russia has communicated it to all the Powers, promising that the interests of each shall be regarded, and, at the instance of Austria, it has been suggested that a Congress of the signatories of the Treaty of Paris should be held to discuss it. But with this we are not satisfied. It would give Russia too great a triumph. We have reason to know that Russia reserves the right to object at this Congress to the discussion of such parts of the Treaty as she deems to relate to subjects belonging exclusively to her sovereignty and dignity. Every other Power, no doubt, will reserve the same right, since a Congress is a meeting of co-ordinate Powers for discussion and consent, and not for judgment by a majority. But we do not think it safe to apply the same principle all round. Her Majesty's Government have therefore agreed upon a canon, or previous condition of the Congress, which will put Russia in her proper place. We ask that Russia shall lay the treaty

before the Congress without reserve, and agree that the whole of it, from end to end, may be discussed, if the Powers desire it. The objection has been taken by the noble duke and others that this is denying to Russia that which, according to my noble friend and predecessor, we had expressly, in accepting the proposal of a Congress, insisted on for ourselves. No doubt, from one point of view—I mean a Russian point of view—that is so; but from another point of view—that is, the point of view of Her Majesty's Government—it is not so. However, Germany has been trying to induce Russia to give way on this point. We are determined she shall give way upon it. Accordingly, to encourage her, we have ordered the Fleet into the Sea of Marmora, we have asked for a credit of £6,000,000, we have called out the Reserves, and taken other precautionary measures, and I have issued the circular of which I speak. In that circular I have placed upon record the objections we take to the treaty. We object to

the delimitation of Bulgaria; we object to the provision for its government under a Russian protectorate; we object to the retrocession of Bessarabia; we object to the extension of territory in Asia Minor, which would interfere with our trade to Persia and our communications with India; we object to the enormous indemnity, which would practically place Turkey under the tutelage of the Czar; we object to the granting of ports on the Ægean, ostensibly to Bulgaria, but in reality to Russia; in fact, we object to everything. We thought it only fair and judicious, at the moment when Russia was considering our demand, to state that every point of it was objectionable, and to ask for six millions and call out the Reserves, in order that Russia might understand that we were in earnest. My noble friend has said that he retired from the Cabinet because he did not think these measures 'as being prudent in the interests of European peace, or as being necessary for the safety of the

country, or as being warranted by the state of matters abroad.' It is true that my noble friend is strong and judicious, and intimate with all the circumstances. But he has no imagination. My noble friend the head of the Cabinet and the members of the Cabinet flatter ourselves that we have. We are vindicating great principles. We are insisting on the rights of Europe. We are asserting the inviolability of treaties. We are defending the interests of our great empire. We have inherited great duties. We are bound to foster the aspirations of the rising races of the South-East of Europe. We are bound to consolidate their nationalities, and in their patriotism, in their love of their own traditional history, to find a security for future stability and power. But we have more important interests than all these. We are trustees for the British Empire. We have received that trust with all its strength, all its glory, all its traditions, and the one thing we have to care for, is, that we pass them untarnished to our successors."

X.

PEERS AND THE PREROGATIVE.

HAVERHOLME, in order the more at his ease to listen to the Marquess de Saltimbury, had taken his seat in one of the Commons' galleries. Beside him sat Mr. Dimity, a shrewd man of business in a midland town and an independent Liberal. Mr. Dimity was one of those men who think hard and move gently. He was a Radical in sentiment and a Whig in action. Among his friends in the country and his intimates in the lobbies he passed for a sturdy progressist, but he was generally found on the side of compromise and timidity. As a Nonconformist he was a deadly antagonist of the Church of England, but he thought it unchristian, as well as inexpedient, to

carry that opinion into vigorous hostilities. You constantly found him saying things which led you to believe that he was going to vote one way, when his extreme conscientiousness and large-minded generosity led him on the pinch to vote the other. He was a type of the tradesman-politician, shrewd and temporising, deeply honest and wisely alive to consequences, anxious to enter into great speculations, but taking care never to risk his credit at the political bank of his party.

"Well, what do you think of that?" inquired Haverholme of this gentleman.

"Benjingo has squared De Saltimbury," replied the other, taking a business view of the situation, "and Lord Knowlsley has lost the leadership of the Tory party."

"That is my impression," said Haverholme.

They descended the stairs, and were proceeding to the other House when they were joined by Sidney Marscombe, a keen and able fellow, nephew of a celebrated historian.

“‘Hail to the chief who in triumph advances,’” he said to them. “Benjingo is carrying it all his own way. I have always up to this time set down De Saltimbury as a strong man, but the other has got behind him, and bound him hand and foot. Our new gold-plated Imperialism, our freshly-lacquered Constitutionalism, and the sacred worship of Jingo, have won a new victory and a fresh convert.”

“Ay!” cried Dimity. “Do you remember that we heard him, from that same bench, scoff at the very fears he has now expressed in diplomatic language? It was that night when Lord de Skwawley asked a question about consuls in Asia, and De Saltimbury took him up between his teeth and worried him. De Skwawley said that ever since the days of Peter the Great, Russia had never changed her intention of driving England out of India. Lord de Saltimbury replied that Peter the Great died in 1725, and the Empire of India was established in 1757; and that he recommended those who were afraid of Russian aggression in India to use a

large map,—‘ say one on the scale of the ordnance map of England; they would find that the distance between Russia and British India is not to be measured by finger and thumb, but by a rule. There are between them deserts and mountainous chains measured by thousands of miles.’ Yet now he seems to have put his hand to a document in which he revives the old bugbear of Russian interference with our Asiatic communications.”

“I could scarcely have believed in such a speech from that quarter,” said Marscombe, “ unless I had heard it. De Saltimbury’s notorious sympathies with Eastern Christianity; his showy generosity of sentiment toward the Bulgars, Montenegrins, Bosnians, Herzegovinians, and Greeks; his bitter scoffs at the Chauvinists and warmongers; in fact, his religious, his humane, his truly national principles have all been swept away.”

“Ah !” said Haverholme. “Men like De Saltimbury may be impetuous, but they don’t change the direction of a strong current in a few hours by any

natural convulsion. How has this sudden twist been brought about? What has transformed the '*Mon ami*' of Yacovlieff into a virulent enemy of Russia? What has opened his eyes to the nearness of perils which he demonstrated to be so vague and so distant? What has brought the man who has been engaged with Knowlsley and Highclere in checking the swaggering tendencies of Benjingo, to throw down a gage to Russia and offer her an insult before all Europe, at the very moment when dignified conciliation was the best policy? Who would have expected him to put to his aristocratic mouth the very same brass trumpet on which Benjingo has been blowing such blasts during the last two years? What is his motive for embarking his party on this risky adventure, which is sure to wreck them in the long run? And, finally, what has transformed the snarling colleague into a trusty henchman?"

"Ambition," said Dimity.

"It is natural," said Marscombe, drily. "There

are influences behind the scenes. Benjingo and a certain High Personage have perhaps discovered that popular claims have of late years been infringing too far on the limits of the prerogative. The new doctrine is, that the Crown has a sacred trust on behalf of the nation to preserve the Regal prerogative unenfeebled. The right of the Crown to make peace or war, to use the army, to govern India, to take part in moulding the policy of the empire, is being ingeniously, steadily, determinedly enlarged. This claim has been insidiously maintained in the House of Commons, where a slavish and stupid majority — stupid, I say, because it is blind, not having the wit to be sly — is supporting Benjingo and the Court party in withholding from us a knowledge of what they are doing and on what principles they are acting. It began with the six millions, which the nation had the folly to hand over to the Crown to do with them what it liked. It will end in an assertion of some

other prerogative right, dangerous to English liberties and opposed to the feelings of the English people. Suppose they were quietly to order a batch of Indian troops into Europe without consulting us?"

"They would be turned out instantly," cried Dimity.

"I am not so sure," replied Marscombe. "As I said, their followers seem to be ready to support them in going any length. They have been carefully trained, and with an ingenuity almost satanic. They are convinced that their position and property are endangered by the spread and growth of Liberalism. They have been persuaded that their safety depends on their sheltering themselves behind the Throne and the Constitution, and yielding an unswerving obedience to their leaders. This movement, which is taking place under our eyes, is the most important, the gravest political movement that has occurred since the Revolution of 1688. Its tendency is to

place Property and Privilege on one side, against the Proletariat and Progress on the other. It is the second pair of P's which are the stronger, and must eventually win. But meantime what hazards they are incurring! This is a distinct and perilous change in that principle of free constitutional government by which the gradual emancipation of society has been wrought out during the last century, and under which the prerogatives of the Crown have been kept safely in the background, and the just influence of the people on the policy of the Government has been developed and ensured. It looks as if there were a plot to bring up the people with a round turn, and to challenge the rights of Parliament in relation to the Executive. It is a fearful issue to raise. It is an issue which ought never to have been raised. The end of it may be to crush the party which raises it, and to endanger still Higher and more Important Interests."

"But what evidence have you even of the shadow of such a scheme?" inquired the cautious Dimity.

"My own eyes, my own ears, my own mother-

wit," answered Marscombe. "I see, for instance, that the Press is diligently, and with great cunning, employed to promulgate these new ideas. Every man who objects to the secrecy and the presumption of Ministerial actions is ferociously written down. For the character of the attacks you must seek a parallel in the days of Queen Anne. Flocks of newspapers are flying out suddenly from obscene nests. They are all of the same class. They appeal, not to reason, but to passions and prejudices. Their affected patriotism is a mere counterfeit. They write up privilege and write down freedom of speech. Their task is to inflame animosities against those who think and act independently of the new religion of Jingo. It is certain that these journals do not pay. Who keeps them up? What is their object? Who inspires them? Who is it that loses the money in order that society may be overwhelmed with Jingo sentiments and ideas. Again, you have the conduct of the Conservative party: the tyranny of its organisa-

tion. How many men on that side dare exercise their own freedom of mind. Any one who did would instantly be sent to Coventry, and lose that which some men prize higher than their honour—the *entrée* to the highest circles. Again, you have a certain Royal Memoir. I disapprove of royal memoirs. Royal authors ought never to write on personal or political questions. The dignity of the Throne is too majestic—the person of a Sovereign too sacred, to be made the subject of bedchamber reflections and boudoir reminiscences. Still more serious is it if a Sovereign condescends to argue constitutional questions in the literary arena. The fatal precedent of Charles I. ought to be a warning to modern kings ambitious of authorship. When unpopular theses are maintained in royal memoirs, royalty is challenging a severe repudiation at the hands of the people. If any Minister had knowingly approved of the publication of such a work, he must be either a knave or a fool. Either he does not see the danger, which

shows he is blind ; or he sees it and says nothing, which proves him unfaithful. And, lastly, I ask you to note this. Benjingo seems to be insidiously preparing the way for some great Imperial surprise. What is it ? *Quo me Benjingo rapis tui plenum ?* You know we all said when we had an Asiatic Empress forced upon us that the Empress would some day swallow the Queen. It may be. You can already discern a disposition to magnify the Imperial Prerogative as distinguished from the National. Great Britain is only part of the British Empire, and the Queen is Sovereign of all the Governments. Now, you will observe that it may be contended that she has a right to move the troops in and from India, in Canada, in Australia, New Zealand, the Cape, without reference to Parliament. Since we granted responsible government to the Colonies they are almost wholly independent of Parliament, while the monarch remains as strong there as here. The monarch indeed is the chief connecting link. If the Benjingo ideas were to

be schematised you see that they might lead to prodigious consequences. The Colonial Office and the India Office might become powers that outvied in influence the Home Office of Great Britain."

"I don't believe in all this," said Dimity, in his business-like way. "Our liberties are too firmly fixed to be moved by an adventurer and a foolish Court."

"You may think so," said Haverholme, intervening. "But there is a great deal in what Marscombe says. The world beyond us—our great Imperial world—is moving faster, and developing more rapidly, than we are conscious of, and we may wake up some day to find that the control has passed out of our hands. The truth is, that, drifting along with our Colonial Empire in the usual British happy-go-lucky way, we have not thought of adjusting our own Constitution to changing conditions, and the inevitable result of such neglect will be a sudden hitch—and a catastrophe."

"Well," continued Marscombe, "all this may help to explain the conversion of Lord de Saltimbury. He has been brought to see the profound wisdom of Imperial Jingoism. And, besides, may there not have been a little wounded pride and the natural reaction from a discovered trick? Lord de S. has been the laughing-stock of Europe since he and his friend Yacovlieff walked arm-in-arm about the streets of Pera. You cannot visit a foreign Embassy in a foreign capital without hearing the joke that 'De Saltimbury is the man whom Yacovlieff sold.' I don't know that you need write down a man absolutely dishonest because he has been deceived and is the subject of a reaction. It may be all the more powerful because he thinks that it comes independently of his resentment."

"He will succeed to the leadership," added Marscombe. "And who knows? There may be a woman in it. The serpent beguiled Eve, 'and she did eat, and gave also to her husband.' That

often explains things. Benjingo never leaves a stone unturned when he has an object in view."

"He succeeds to the leadership, but he loses his honour," said Dimity.

"Ah!" replied the other; "there you are too commonplace. What is 'honour'? You expect too much. According to Butler, it is a word in an aristocrat and a huff in a plebeian:

*"'Quoth Ralpho: Honour's but a word
To swear by, only in a lord:
In other men 'tis but a huff
To vapour with, instead of proof,
That, like a wen, looks big and swells,
Is senseless—and just nothing else.'"*

"Let me give you another quotation," said Marscombe. "If you turn to 'Burke's Peerage,' under the title 'De Saltimbury,' you will find a letter written by the founder of the greatness of this man's family to a private friend, which has in it a touch of the prophetic:—

“‘Tis a great task,’ he says, writing of the Court, ‘to prove one’s honesty and yet not mar one’s fortune;’ and, if I remember rightly, he goes on to say: ‘Wise men look not this way to heaven.’ The task that girded at his ancestor has evidently proved beyond the strength of the descendant.”

igrations were not dignified, and seemed to outsiders to be dishonest and extremely injurious to the public morality. The answer that was made to the casual remark that such a course was unprincipled, was this: "Oh! that is the *principle* on which the paper is conducted." Such a reply is conclusive to worldly-minded people. To the proprietors it was recommended by a profit of £70,000 a year.

It had been a gratification to all the Liberal party that *The Chimes* had preserved so steady and harmonious a tone through the greater portion of the two years during which the Eastern Question had been agitated. And this was generally attributed in no small degree to the influence of Mr. Doublehalter. He had, as he said, felt deeply about the wrongs and injuries of the Christians, he distrusted Lord Benjingo, and the editor had been given a *carte blanche* to conduct the paper on the Anti-Jingo policy. And at this point for the present we leave them.

XII.

THE COUNTESS WILLOWGROVE.

THE great house in Carlton Gardens occupied by the Countess Willowgrove and Lord Chinchilly Chesterton was thrown open to a reception of the upper and middle Whig circle and a selection of the wealthier Radicals from below the Gangway. The countess was a figure in society and in politics. Her houses in London and in Surrey were the nurseries, or *crèches*, of the babies of the Whig aristocracy. There they were taken in and papped, and provided with toys and soothing syrups, and sent home good. And Lady Willowtree smiled on them, and petted them with amiable tenderness.

A still fascinating woman, attractive in manner,

skilful in conversation, engaging in the delicate fineness and fragrance of her flattery, and the peculiar grace of her hospitality, almost invincible where younger women would have failed to make an impression, Lady Willowgrove was really one of the most splendid figures of London society. It did not matter that her birth had happened at a time whereof the memory of man ran not to the contrary. She was an evergreen. She had been a distinguished figure in society for three generations, and a man who was under the spell of her eye, and voice, and manner might well say to himself, "I wonder whether my grandson will be talking to her thus, as my grandfather did?" She was as fresh, as bright, as *piquante* to the generation above ground as she had been to those which had disappeared. Her age indeed was no reproach. It lent an enviable charm to her success. And her success was superb. In that circle of self-adoring pride, the Whig aristocracy, this lady, the daughter of a celebrated singer, was a leading

figure. At a time when the Liberal party was in a state of disorganisation she endeavoured to collect together the scattered fragments and to unite them with such arts as she possessed. If dining, and ogling, and flattering, and strawberries and cream, tempered by flirtation, could have saved a party, the Whigs would now have been in the ascendant. As they have not been saved, but are altogether in a bad way, being suspected by the Liberals and detested by the Tories, it may be concluded that their state is past redemption.

However, they were by no means of this opinion. The countess was the bravest of the brave, and never lost heart. Rude and vulgar Radicals below the Gangway might shoot out their arrows at the chivalrous Smartington and riddle her darlings Algernon Starfit and Henery Jeems, the Siamese twins of the party, with small shot; but they could come and lay their heads upon her motherly lap, and be patted, and soothed, and encouraged to hope that the day would come when those wicked

Radicals would cease from troubling and the Whigs would be at rest.

Lady Willowgrove was no worshipper of mere rank. She had faith in brains, and she was certain that the most brilliant as well as the most capable brains in British politics were on her side. Thus she managed to draw around her, not only politicians and political dandies, but able thinkers. The natural powers of her mind and her exquisite culture enabled her to appreciate genius and talent. She was proud to surround herself with a cordon of brilliant men, and to engage as an equal in discussions with intellects whose fame was world-wide. But she was not always successful. All the birds before whom she set her snares did not fall into them. She did not like the Radicals, and they made no efforts to appease or to approach her. Hence she was rather the mistress of a small though influential coterie within the Liberal party than the queen of its court.

She had married Lord Chinchilly Chesterton, who was her third husband. He was a stiff and doctrinarian politician of the Whig school. His submissive and admiring devotion to her was the most distinguishing feature of his career. When Haverholme shook hands with the lively hostess she tapped him on the shoulder with her fan.

"Ah, you naughty boy!" she said. "When will you take my advice? Did I not tell you to be mild and politic, and here I see you have been storming like an enthusiast."

"So I am," said Haverholme, "in this cause."

"So am I *au fond*, my dear boy, of course. But you are so wanting in tact. You know you are one of my promising young men. Keep it down. Be content to express one-third of what you feel. Now at this moment I am infinitely angry with you, but I manage to give you a very mild version of my feelings."

"Ah! you are so kind, and so very worldly, Lady Willowgrove."

"Worldly! Nonsense, sir," replied the lady. "It is only ordinary common sense. Here comes Algernon Starfit. If you would only take a leaf out of his book, now."

Sir Algernon Starfit may or may not some day attain the height of his ambition, which is considerably higher than the steeple at Vienna, but he is worth a description. Certainly he was one of the most ambitious and towering characters the Whig party ever produced. Of noble and commanding presence, handsome features, haughty and even pompous manner, he was yet a man who, if he chose, could assume airs of winning condescension that conquered women and sometimes mesmerised and subdued men. If his nature were naturally sympathetic, the sympathy was almost wholly stifled by pride. This gave a stiffness and a reserve to his demeanour which repelled from him ordinary men, and diminished to a very small diameter the circle of his influence. Admired in the House and at the bar for a certain brilliancy

of intellect, he had never succeeded in touching the popular imagination ; and while there were men in the House of lesser ability over whose death many an unknown friend would have wept a tear, the nation would have read with curiosity, but with dry eyes, the report of Sir Algernon's decease. Sir Algernon Starfit's mind was powerful, though uncertain. Perhaps it was indolent, and only put forth its strength under a sharp stimulus. We have said he was brilliant, but it was rather the subdued brightness of a glowworm than the bright sparkle of a star. His mind was finely disciplined : he had a powerful memory, remarkable powers of language, and the courage to use them without reserve ; and though he was by no means the greatest man on the front bench, or the most discreet, or the most capable, he gave the House and the country the idea of cleverness and talent. Though a Whig by nature and training, he was an admiring friend of Lord Benjingo, and through an intimacy of years had imbibed much of the

sarcastic, cynical, and daring spirit of that great master's ambition. Indeed, it used to be said that he had placed the career of that distinguished nobleman before him as a model; but this must have been a slander on the part of Sir Algernon's enemies. In any case, he had neither the genius nor the flexibility to adopt the example.

Sir Algernon Starfit had entered the House of Commons under the late Liberal Government—a Government presided over by the omnipotent genius and force of Mr. Goodrock, the greatest star except Mr. Burke in the history of English political intellect. It is well known that in Mr. Goodrock's Administration the supremacy of the Whigs was less assured than in any previous Liberal Ministry. Mr. Starfit took his seat below the Gangway. He soon began to make his presence felt by the loudness and vivacity of his harangues. It was the general impression that he must soon work his way into the Administration. In a great international dispute he rendered

some service by his pen in a series of letters which, signed "Historicus," became historical. But he was not a favourite with the leaders, and he developed a bitter personal dislike to the Achilles of the party. As Achilles was indisposed to sulk and to retire, there was nothing but to make it as uncomfortable for him as possible, and this Sir Algernon successfully performed. In private and in public the lesser star pursued the greater with hot and meteoric sarcasm. The first consequences were natural. He was neglected in the various rearrangements of the Cabinet. His tone became more furious and uncompromising. At length it was impossible to overlook him. He was rewarded by a Solicitor-Generalship, not for services to his party, but for his strict attention to himself.

Haverholme had no high opinion of Sir Algernon, and never cultivated an intimacy with him. But Lady Willowgrove's exclamation obliged him to await the great man's arrival. The late Solicitor-

General had returned that morning from Camford, his constituency, which had been publicly visited by Mr. Goodrock. The relations between Mr. Goodrock and Sir Algernon were not of such a character as to lead the world to expect that the latter would throw himself with enthusiasm into the reception of Mr. Goodrock by the constituency of Camford.

The terms employed by Sir Algernon in private life in speaking of his great leader, and his occasionally acid comments on him in the House of Commons, indicated that Sir Algernon regarded Mr. Goodrock with a good deal of intellectual admiration and a good deal of moral and personal contempt. It could therefore have been no pleasure to Sir Algernon to hear that Mr. Goodrock was to visit the University on a matter connected with religion, and that an enthusiastic constituency had resolved to give the ex-Minister a public reception, which they urged their member to attend. However, he had gone at a few hours'

notice. Haverholme and all the world knew what had occurred. In the warmest and most solemn terms he had declared his admiration and respect for his Right Honourable friend. He had spoken of him as one of the great characters in English history, and with almost gushing emphasis he called the attention of Camford and the world to the brilliant services which this friend had by his late agitation rendered to the cause of humanity and peace and to the maintenance of the national honour. On reading these remarks in the morning papers Haverholme's heart had warmed towards Sir Algernon Starfit, and he had said to himself that perhaps the knight was "not after all such a prig as he seemed."

"Well, Algernon," cried the countess, with whom he was an intimate, "so you have got back from Camford. I have read your speech." Here she smiled slyly. "Did you not lay on the jam rather thick?"

Her ladyship perhaps was not fond of Mr. Goodrock. He was altogether too intense for the clique which loved to gather around her.

A faint colour tinged Starfit's cheek. He avoided a direct reply.

"Did you ever see a man make such a fool of himself?" he asked.

"As you?" replied Lady Willowgrove. "Oh, *never!*"

"No, no," cried Starfit, testily, "but Goodrock."

"Oh! I am not surprised at anything from him. He is a magnificent madman. He would wreck a party ten times over. He has already done it once, and that speech yesterday will do it again."

XIII.

THE WHIGS AND THE "FRONT BENCH."

"PERFECTLY true," replied Sir Algernon. "He has no dignity, no restraint, no tact, no community of interest and feeling with any of us. He is like a whale in a pond, or—what shall I say?—a Bedlamite turned out to play Peter the Hermit. But for him the Government would long since have been in a mess. Why under Heaven does he not retire, and allow the Liberal party to make its way in peace?"

"Because he has a great work to do," cried Haverholme. "And what you are pleased to call the Liberal party has not awakened to it. It is not only what we have failed and are failing to accomplish as a Christian and a free nation

in Turkey which is involved in this great work of Goodrock's. No! unless I am very blind, he is incidentally fighting against domestic influences prejudicial to freedom, and against a gradual and steady debauching of the public conscience."

"In the meantime, having wrecked his party, he is deliberately knocking its boats to pieces. We shall soon not have a plank left to save ourselves on," answered the late Solicitor-General.

"Well," said Haverholme, "on the contrary, I should say he had shown you how to construct a new vessel, if you had cared to follow him. But some of you were frightened, and some of you were not ready. Many of our men have taken to Jingoism, and the rest are disheartened. Who can follow when there is no lead, no discipline, no spirit, no adventure, no principle?"

"All I know is," said Sir Algernon, "that as long as Goodrock remains a loose force in our politics, we, the Liberal party, are destined to sit in the cold shade of Opposition. We cannot

depend upon him, we cannot lead him, we cannot follow him, and I say it is monstrously unfair on Smartington and the rest of us. A man like Goodrock, acting as he does, would ruin the best cause that ever existed."

"If you had adopted his line you would have led a united party," said Haverholme.

"And 'dished the Whigs,'" replied Starfit.

"You did not talk like that yesterday at Camford," said Haverholme, annoyed.

Sir Algernon, pointing his large nose in the direction of the baronet, turned it away again majestically, as if he had scented Radicalism somewhere in his neighbourhood, and quietly walked away.

Lady Willowgrove tapped Haverholme with her fan.

"Too bad of you!" she said. "You have hurt his feelings, poor fellow. He is disgusted with the party. No wonder! You are all at sixes and sevens, owing to Goodrock."

"No, countess," answered Haverholme. "It is not owing to Goodrock entirely—nor chiefly. It is due to inherent differences in the party itself. Goodrock only emphasises one or two of them. But one end of the party wishes to go forward, and the other end wishes to stand still, and the result of the two forces is simply to keep us going round. If Stanmore and Smartington and Starfit and the rest can make up their minds as to what they believe and are prepared to do, and will then courageously lead up to it, they will soon have a following. Possibly they may lose a few Whigs, but the Whigs in the Commons are decreasing in number and power every year. We shall soon have nothing but Liberals and Conservatives, and our friends must choose which side they will take. I know where my lot will be cast."

"Well, if things go on as they are doing," said her ladyship, nodding significantly, "I know which side some people will take."

"Well," said Haverholme, "I have little sympathy with men who have no ideas, and yet call upon people to support them in maintaining them. There is no man on the front bench except Goodrock who personally either commands or can attract the popular affections. If our friends ever wish to lead a united party they must give the Radicals something to fight for—some good work to do. Otherwise, for my part, I will not lend a shoulder to push them out of the ditch."

"You are a Radical!" exclaimed her ladyship.

"No! I am a sincere Whig, my dear countess," answered Haverholme.

At this moment they were interrupted by Mr. Hatchbull-Nugessen, a Churchy Whig Radical, who had taken under the protection of his cultured mind, not only the children—for whom he wrote fascinating little stories—but Eton, the Deceased Wife's Sister, and the Colonial Empire.

"Have you heard the news?" he said. "Poor

Doublehalter has been blackballed at the Gymnasium."

"What for?" inquired the countess.

"Oh, the Jingoës have done it," replied the member, shrugging his shoulders. "More than that, a bundle of *The Chimes* has been burned in the centre of the Stock Exchange."

"It will have to change its tune," said the countess.

"And it will, no doubt," replied Mr. Hatchbull-Nugessen. "I heard the other day that its circulation has seriously decreased. It will go over to the enemy."

"Oh, no! I doubt that," said Haverholme. "I was talking to Doublehalter only two nights ago, and he was perfectly sound."

Mr. Hatchbull, with a blinking of his eyes, looked inquiringly towards Haverholme, seeming to be uncertain of his sanity.

"Newspapers," he said, rather indolently, as if he were uttering a truism, "are apt to take

their colour or their tone, whatever you please to call it, more from the classes by whom they are read, than from the people by whom they are published. There are very few missionary journals, and no one regards them. Men, as a rule, do not read articles in newspapers to learn, but to see their own views strongly and clearly expressed for them."

"Then you have not much faith in the 'mission' of those who publish newspapers?"

"I have no faith whatever in their mission or their morality. Take the *Bellowgraff*, for instance, a mere low, vulgar, Jew speculation. It writes for a class we like to ignore the existence of, but which is numerous and noisy. It is the journal of the pot-houses, the journal of the counter-jumpers, the favourite journal of Houndsditch and the Minories; it tickles the taste of half-educated tradesmen, who are not troubled with conscience, and panders to the vulgar curiosity of their wives and daughters."

"Oh! well," said Haverholme, "but I never heard any one refer to that quarter for respectability, or ability either. But I do anticipate some principle in a paper like *The Chimes*."

"And so do I," said Nugessen. "And I will tell you what it is,—

—*rem*

Si possis recte ; si non quocumque modo rem.

Newspapers are financial speculations, and if they do not pay, they die. It is idle to look for consistency in a financial speculation. Like a corporation, it has no conscience. It must be governed by circumstances."

"It *is*, at all events," said Haverholme.

"I know one man who owns both a Tory and a Liberal paper, thus making it right with both worlds, as Diddlemouse did when he brought his son out as a Tory and stuck to the Whigs himself. There is one Tory who owns a Radical paper, and a very good Radical friend of mine is chief proprietor of a Tory journal. As for *The Chimes*, it

boxes the compass every year ; and, after all, that is a most useful thing. The articles are well written, and, on the whole, by steadily reading the leaders you will get the best that is to be said on both sides of every question. I should be willing to bet you that in a week *The Chimes* will be writing the fiercest Jingoism, and praising the Government to the skies. Doublehalter cannot help it. He is not sole proprietor, and, if he were, it is not the principle of the journal to have any principles."

"Humph!" cried Haverholme, shrugging his shoulders. "That does not appear to be any one's principle just now."

He passed on to a group in the middle of which stood Sir Algernon. As he approached, Sir Algernon was saying,—

"The Jingoes will have it all their own way for a while. They have all the Jews, all the roughs, and plenty of money. Tories will bleed for their principles, and other people wont." He

looked shyly towards Lord Stanmore, a man of prodigious wealth, who would as soon have thought of giving a thousand to a Liberal election fund as of jumping from the roof of his magnificent house into St. James's Park. "Their party in the House is simply mesmerised, and ready to agree to anything. What can we do?"

"Stick to your principles, Sir Algernon," said Haverholme, interrupting, "and fight them bravely. Don't sit blankly facing the Tories as if you were moonstruck. Nothing will unite our party but a hearty leadership."

"We are not going to be led by the Radicals," said Sir Algernon. "And unless we can eliminate that blatant and restless element I, for one, am for abandoning the party."

"Ought you to sit on our front bench with these ideas?" inquired Haverholme, with the air of a man who is putting a deferential conundrum.

"I am not in the habit of confessing myself

in public," answered the legal knight, with dignity.

Sir William Haverholme bowed, and walked away, thinking that Sir Algernon had never said a truer thing in his life.

XIV.

MR. GOODROCK.

MR. GOODROCK, the subject of Sir Algernon Starfit's private sarcasm and public homage, was, next to Burke, the most considerable figure that had appeared in English politics since the Commonwealth. In intellect, whether regarded as to its qualities, its capacities, its discipline and practical powers, surpassing all his contemporaries; of prodigious memory, untiring energy, quick and keen perception, extraordinary rapidity and almost infinite variety of thought, he was also fortunately able to express with miraculous facility and nervousness all the changeful movements of his mind. His natural and carefully-trained dialectic powers lent him an over-

whelming force. Below the deep strata of his intellectual powers there raged a volcanic sympathy and enthusiasm. He was religious—a weakness of which his enemies never lost sight. For everything he did he conscientiously, almost too painfully, sought a deep moral foundation—almost too painfully, we mean, for a practical human being, because he magnified little into great things, and aimed at a perfection which cannot be attained. The remarkable versatility of a mind so large and so mercurial, often caused observers even of a kindly temper to ask themselves how they could reconcile his course with his professions or his principles. This was due, as we have said, in no small degree to his tendency to exaggerate the moral weight and importance of small things,—a tendency which often led him astray from the true point and centre. Beginning his political career as an ardent defender of Church Establishments, and as a Tory of a decided type in secular politics, he afterwards, at the zenith of his fame,

separated the Irish Church from the nation, and led the battle in favour of a liberal extension of the suffrage. But he differed from others in being able to convince the world that these changes were the results of a real conviction, and not the tactics of an unscrupulous ambition. His sympathies were wide and strong. To the Hellenic cause he was attracted by his poetic temperament, and the pleasure which a large and diligent scholarship found in the language, the philosophy, the politics, the arts, the culture, of the most advanced of ancient peoples. He had given a proof of his practical affection for the inheritors of such historic grandeur by taking a chief part in restoring to their modern kingdom a group in the Mediterranean not unimportant to England. In him, with his classic tastes and wide human sympathies, the cause of free Italy had a fast and earnest friend. All the resources of his mind, and all the passionate intensity of his nature, were thrown into the balance on her side

when the kingdom of Naples was rescued from the iniquitous tyranny and the frightful darkness of the Bourbon *régime*. To such services as these at home and abroad, services to national freedom and to the progress of mankind, he added pursuits which, in their number and variety, would of themselves have overpowered any other intellect, however disciplined and powerful. Ranging from classical lore to modern polemics, books, pamphlets, essays, speeches, poured forth from the inexhaustible fountain of his mind in a ceaseless stream. There would seem to be hardly any topic with which he was willing to own himself to be unacquainted, or in regard to which he would hesitate to enter the lists with any competitor.

Nevertheless, strange to say, Mr. Goodrock's mind was essentially an English mind, and not cosmopolitan either in its intellectual range or in its moral sympathies. He showed during the American civil war that he was unable, even in

imagination, to project himself out of the known and crystallised conditions of European life into the unsettled circumstances of a new society; and with all his abhorrence of slavery, it was clear from his speeches—in one notable instance especially, which will never be effaced from the memory of the American people—that he had not grasped the real issues which were fought out in that tremendous conflict; or that, if he had, his views of British policy were bigoted and shallow. It was a set-off against the distinguished sympathy he had shown for a united Italy that he had evinced so cold a regard for a United States, and that his mind should have turned kindly toward a Southern oligarchy maintaining an infamous institution rather than to the preservation of the integrity of a great nation.

Later on his sympathies were once more awakened, and his enormous talents and unwearied energies again engaged. This time it was on behalf of the Christian populations of South-East-

ern Europe, subjected to the atrocious tyranny of the Sublime Porte. Never in the whole course of his career had he been so great ; never had he seemed more signally to rise above the human standard, to be so eager, earnest, passionate, vivacious, eloquent, than during the time when, with the authority of a statesman and the enthusiasm of a prophet, he vindicated, by day and by night, by pen and tongue, in every possible form of argument, of appeal, of apostrophe, the claim of these victims of Mohammedan barbarity to the protection of civilised Europe and the sympathies of the Christian world. For he was a man to whom Christianity was a reality, and no fancy—a faith, and not a mere creed—a matter of life and death, and no simple opinion.

If we speak of Mr. Goodrock with hyperbolic admiration, it is not that the fatal weaknesses which qualified his superb talents have been overlooked. Those weaknesses have marked great blots on a splendid career. The prodigious comprehensive-

ness and power of his intellect made Mr. Goodrock an unconscious egotist—an almost intolerable tyrant. Men, blinded by the majesty of his genius, cheerfully gave him their hand, and were led along by him as little children ; and to all who were willing to abandon themselves to his supreme authority, without challenge or default, he gave a benign though somewhat awful patronage. But he could not brook argument or rebuke. If one endeavoured, however mildly, to suggest grounds for differing from him, he brought all the vast resources of his learning and language to overwhelm the unlucky disputant. If you worked with him, he must do the work and you sit by. He would divide the leadership with no one, however capable. Thus, unhappily, he attracted few to his personal friendship, not because he was defective in sympathy, but because of the intensity with which his mind was occupied with great affairs and the proud reserve which half a century of absolute superiority had induced. Not many of

his colleagues loved him, and of younger men very few ever became his disciples and intimates, while hundreds of thousands of men, old and young, regarded his work and his policy with enthusiasm and affection. When he was a Prime Minister he went in and out of the House barely speaking to any of his followers: a peculiar piece of arrogance in which leaders of lesser calibre on his own side successfully copy him, but without that excuse of imposing genius and never-ending labours which might have been offered on his behalf.

Another weakness of Mr. Goodrock was one that led to his fall and blighted his prospects of a return to power. It was his uncertainty. He had obstinacy in large development; but he had not the quality of steadiness. M. Rouher once said of him to a private friend,—

“On ne peut pas prévoir la politique de cet homme. Il vit de jour en jour.”

It was impossible to predict what course the

right honourable gentleman would take on a given subject or in a given crisis. Without consulting anybody, he would rush off at a tangent when you expected strict centripetal action. His party owed him a grudge for throwing them over in a pet at a time when Liberal sentiment in the country was clearly in the ascendant. Again, when he had brought them into deep waters, he left them to drown, while he engaged in Homeric and catholic studies. Later on, when they had managed to scramble out and dry themselves, and get into something like order again, he ran in and out and disorganised them, sometimes assuming to lead, sometimes pretending to follow. Looking at his prodigious force in the country, this was unfair to his old colleagues, who were unable to lead him by any means whatever, and could not conduct the party while he continued his powerful and fitful interventions. Besides, it was felt by those who had so faithfully followed him, and were yet willing to resign themselves

enthusiastically to his guidance, that his former desertion of them was unjustifiable, and his present uncertainty injurious. Indeed, it was very difficult to see how he could defend the morality of a position in which responsibility was abandoned, in fact abjured, while his most powerful influence was constantly projected into politics. Indeed, had Mr. Goodrock been a leader, he must have been restrained in the scope and character of his political action in a way equally beneficial to his party and himself.

But, notwithstanding all this, the true greatness of this man made him stand out, in English and in European politics, a figure to be admired and revered. Perhaps in his own day that figure, so solitary and sublime, is too large, too near, to be fully appreciated. It will be through the cleared atmosphere of time, and from a station further off, that men, looking back, will see in all their perfection the true proportions of a majestic manhood and a noble life.

XV.

SPIRIT AND TRUTH.

THE mind of our baronet had during the week been somewhat deeply scored and raked up by Willesden's rude harrow. Sunday found him in a state of extreme mental disorder. His usual resort for pious purposes was the Temple Church, where evangelical religion and ritualistic splendour are so happily combined. There he was wont to follow the prayers, make the responses, listen to the music, and take in Dr. Vaughan's sermons, with a smug and genial satisfaction such as is only to be found in minds that are conscious of the invulnerability of their position. This conviction arises in various persons from different causes. Ignorance is a common one. Pride or

conceit another. Faith is another. Indifference may be one. And here and there rarely a man may be found who can prove that his convictions are founded upon reasons not easily to be shaken or subverted. Haverholme's sense of security arose partly from faith and partly from reason. Society, intercourse, sympathy, and natural genius had contributed to establish his faith, and his intellectual tuition, experiences, and pursuits had operated on his reason. Thus he was able to cope with most of the objections that were urged against his religion by the people with whom he met; and the multitudinous controversialists who pegged at orthodoxy in the *Contemporary* or the *Nineteenth Century* amused his mind without disturbing his equilibrium.

The simple suggestion of Willesden, however, had proved more effective than a batch of such criticisms. The old cynic had, as it were, sent Haverholme to cross-examine the witnesses for religion. The case for the Crown, so to speak,

depended not only on documentary but personal evidence. If the latter broke down, if cross-examination showed the witnesses to be untrustworthy, how could Haverholme as a jurymen find a verdict for the plaintiff?

Unhappy, irresolute, ill at ease, the baronet felt indisposed to take his usual route to the Temple. He wanted a distraction. He must go elsewhere. A celebrated Canon was to preach that morning at St. Paul's. His eloquence was the talk of London. His earnestness was beyond question. He was one of the apostles of a great religious movement within the Church. And, further, although the baronet had little sympathy with the views of this divine, the political topic of the hour was one which had drawn the latter out of his ecclesiastical cocoon, and brought him on the scene of political conflict, upon the side so strenuously sustained by Haverholme. He determined to go and hear the Canon.

There are few scenes more grand than the

interior of St. Paul's when a favourite preacher fills the pulpit, and seven or eight thousand persons crowd, silent, solemn, reverential, under that majestic dome, intently listening for the still small voice as it wends its way to every ear. The thunder and clarion of the organ, reverberating through the concave vastness of the overhanging hemisphere, among the great arches of the nave and the fretted carvings of the choir—wrapping up, as it were, in magnificent tissues of sound some of the most solemn and mysterious ideas ever conceived or expressed by the mind of man; the sense of grandeur, of beauty, of awe; the electric sympathy that thrills through the hearts of the vast crowd, strangers to each other, yet drawn together by a common impulse; all this, in contrast with the sudden silence, the apparition of a simple parson who, in linen surplice, ascends the stairs, enters the pulpit, bends a minute or two a head that even from afar looks great and masterful, is solemnly impressive. He rises, and throws

back that head with an energetic movement. There is a flash upon the features—a flash that seems to send a reflective light over the sea of upturned faces before him; marvellous effect of human sympathy! Then a voice, slow, steady, clear, comes stealing across the living throng, now so calm and still:

“God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.”

Haverholme had arrived late, and sat a long distance off from the preacher. But he started as the intonation reached his ears with this message, sent, as it seemed, expressly to meet his state of mind.

“Ha!” he said, in his thoughts, “Willesden may say what he likes. Here is a man who distinctly challenges his examination. If God be a Spirit, and to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, it must be possible so to worship Him, since it is not conceivable He should demand the impossible. And if that be so, I take it there are

multitudes who are so worshipping Him, to the utter confusion of old Willesden."

He addressed himself to listen to the Canon, who was now developing his thesis.

On the high, imaginative topic of the spiritual essence and attributes of Godship the preacher was grand. A poetic enthusiast; a born and trained rhetorician, he revelled in flights to speculative regions, up among the mysteries of the visionary and indistinct grandeur of the Deity. His soul rose like a lark fluttering gradually into higher and higher atmospheres, and flooding the empyrean with entrancing and exhilarating song. But, like the glorious bird, he must needs come down again, and nearer to earth discourse sweetly but less loud.

His next theme was the worship of God in spirit by creatures bound to time and sense. And here eloquence and imagination overpowered the practical. "Communion with God"—"spiritual converse"—what Sir Thomas Browne quaintly calls

"the kiss of the spouse," "the divine exolution"—prayer, a sensuous worship, a magnificent symbolism, a rigid discipline of the soul; all the ideas so familiar to us in the writings of men so different as Thomas à Kempis and John Rutherford; the erotic spiritualism of the Song of Solomon; the refined mysticism of Saint John the Divine; such ideas and sentiments as those helped to illustrate the preacher's idea of "a spiritual service."

Haverholme, imbued with a deep practical purpose, though he was enthralled by the wizard spell of the orator, followed him from point to point with ever-recurring disappointment.

The baronet was saying,—

"Yes, yes! All this is very fine. But is it truth? Is this all? Are these idealisations, these symbolisations, these æsthetics of much use in real life? Is this even what is meant? To serve God 'in spirit' not only means 'spiritually,' but in intention. To serve Him 'in truth' means, not

alone to serve Him in principle but in fact—in practice—in sincerity. All this exquisite, high-strung sentimentalism is very pretty and poetical; but poets make bad men of business and bad witnesses; and Willesden requests me to find him a practical Christianity and a competent evidence. Is it any wonder that the public conscience is uncertain and demoralised if this is all that the apostles of religion can give us?"

While Haverholme was thinking this, the preacher came to his last point.

"‘In truth,’" he said, "‘In truth.’ What is it to serve not alone in these transcendent spiritual musings, these heavenly exercises, these inner searchings, these banquets of divinely provided food, the bread and wine, the meat and drink of holy thoughts, and sentiments, and worship, and those exercises of a painful discipline in fasts and prayers which I have shown to be necessary to the serving of God in spirit—but what is it, I say, to serve also ‘in truth’? It is of course

to serve as He has directed. It is of course to serve as the Son, the Redeemer of the world, has shown us how to serve, in absolute submission to His Father's will. It is to serve as His inspired and authoritative exponent on earth, THE CHURCH, shall declare, through His ordinance, to be the way. Here truly you are blessed, for you have a guide. The character, the manner, the meaning of your service are, thanks to His grace, made known to you by an agent, whose commission and powers you cannot dispute, which binds and loosens in His name. 'In truth!' As God wills. As Christ wills. As the Holy Catholic Church, speaking for God and Christ, may declare. Blessed people! Blessed service! where all that the soul has to do is to learn meekly and meekly obey. Blessed service, where the way is made by apostolic labours, and the believer passes along led by apostolic hands. Blessed service, wherein the soul, once yielding her freedom without a single reservation, or

doubt, or fear, into the commissioned charge of the Church, is safely borne, as on angels' wings, to an eternal rest ! ”

And now to, &c.

* * * *

The hum and bustle of the rising multitude awoke Haverholme from his brilliant reverie. He had heard, but he understood not. He was hungry, but he had not been fed. To his keen and practised intellect all this finely-whipped *soufflée* was exquisitely tasty, but it did not satisfy a manly appetite. It was all very well to call upon people to cultivate the emotional and devotional, but what of life and its daily toil ? This doctrine might suit priests, women, and children ; but who would have thought of taking a cynic like Willesden to St. Paul's to be converted by the Canon ?

XVI.

THE CARDINAL-ARCHBISHOP.

AT the house of Lord Tympany of Tittleton, a well-known peer, Haverholme found a cosmopolitan company. For Lord Tympany's life had made him a cosmopolitan of an extraordinary character. There was hardly any nation or religion with which his wide travels had not brought him into contact, and while he had settled down as an English nobleman, and to a faith of very narrow and distinct dogmas, he still liked to surround himself with a strange mixture of nations and creeds. Thus his *soirées* were peculiarly interesting from their variety. Turkish ambassadors, and Armenian patriarchs, and Jewish rabbis, and English bishops, elbowed

Roman Catholic cardinals, or Dissenting ministers, Lutheran clergymen, and French or German philosophers, and sometimes even Socialist leaders from among the proletariat.

Lord Tympany was connected with several of the best families of English nobility. He was a man of considerable culture and some learning. He could speak several languages with fluency, though he could not express himself in any with clearness and precision. He had visited many countries, and at one time served his own in its diplomatic service. But Lord Tympany had had other experiences, much more curious and interesting. Leaving the University as correct a Churchman as undergraduates usually are, with the Apostles' Creed and the Thirty-Nine Articles as the base of a religious triangle which dwindles to a point, he found time in the ample leisure of the diplomatic service to study the Talmud, and adopted the Israelitish religion. Whether his nose bewrayed him, or he had a fondness for pork,

or his mind expanded to better things, one cannot say ; but being in Turkey, and visiting Arabia, he was attracted by the peculiarly noble character and simple principles of the Mohammedan religion—a religion which naturally commends itself to any one who loves exclusiveness and domination. Besides, it is picturesque. He adopted this religion, at the same time becoming a Turk, not only in belief but in dress.

The Mohammedan *cultus*, however, became monotonous and rather silly to the active mind of Lord Tympany, and he began to feel that it was not so securely based in the eternal verities as he had, on an outside view of its showy habiliments, imagined. He doffed the Turkish dress, threw away his fez, his carpet, and apostatised from the Mohammedan religion.

In the loose and naked state which ensued, during which he had very nearly adopted Positivism, Atheism, and Spiritualism, he fell in with an Ultramontane ecclesiastic of singularly winning

powers, social and intellectual. This astute philosopher and apostle, pursuing his invariable course, fished in the muddy waters of the noble lord's mind for such ideas as there floated about, and having found all there were, very quietly and skilfully pieced them together for the benefit of the neophyte, and then, presenting them to him in the new shape which Jesuitical art had given to them, soon persuaded Lord Tympany that he believed the Roman Catholic religion. And in this state we find him.

"Ah ! Haverholme," cried Lord Tympany, when he saw his friend, "I am very glad you have come. The Cardinal will be here directly, and he is most anxious to see you."

"To see me !" replied the baronet, with a sort of shudder of suspicion. "I am not aware that the Cardinal knows anything about me."

"Oh ! doesn't he ! He knows about everybody. He follows everything. You make speeches in the House, do you not ? You write articles in

reviews. You are a promising man in the Commons. None of these things escape his eye. Nothing does. He told me he had watched your course with admiration."

Be as suspicious a Protestant as any in the world, if you are a man of any literary pretensions it cannot but tickle you to learn that one of the most able and spirited of ecclesiastics has deemed you worthy of his admiration. Haverholme was not without a sensation of curiosity and of pleasure when, just as Lord Tympany uttered these words, the Cardinal was announced.

Haverholme turned, and saw a striking figure. Of middle height, but so thin as to appear taller than he was, his close-fitting dress—for he was that evening dressed in the ordinary black cassock of a priest—adding to the singular impression of emaciation produced by his straight and wiry figure; with a white face, sharp and clean cut as the cameo of some old Florentine; a high forehead, rising up smoothly from the brow to the tonsured

apex, except where riven by lines of thought; a sharp thin nose, prominent, commanding, with nostrils firm and sensitive; a small and handsome mouth, with the lips drawn tightly together, as if to prevent the involuntary escape of the nervous energy that was working within; a well-formed chin; deeply-sunken eyes under a firm though narrow brow; lines of thought, of passion, of suffering, of pride and ambition, scoring the front and features, tracing from every corner of the eye, the nose, the mouth, their own peculiar meaning, if not their history; an ease and quietness, an almost stealthiness of demeanour which seemed the more dangerous because it appeared in a man clearly so able; a subtle, self-conscious nervousness of movement of every limb and muscle; no one could look at this figure, wherein mind seemed fearfully to have struggled with and conquered matter, where work and voluntary discipline had chastened the body down to a mere rind, and not feel himself in the presence of

a man subtle and strong. Never was there a form in which intelligence and craft, wit and force, passion and restraint, were more wondrously mingled.

It was not long before Haverholme found himself sitting on a sofa beside the Cardinal, who, nursing his knee with his shrunken hands and fixing his keen eyes on the young man, talked with energy and brilliancy on the events of the day. By and by they came to a topic which much more interested the baronet.

"The sin of the age," said the Archbishop, solemnly, "is blasphemy—the practical blasphemy which lives as if there were no God—the revolt against Truth."

"Ah!" said Haverholme, starting, "is that your opinion? I heard something very like it from one who hardly believes anything."

"Well, he is not wrong in that opinion," answered the Archbishop. "Men are shaking off religion, as they shake off dreams in the morning,

striving to forget them in the secular work of the day."

"It is a pity," remarked Häverholme. "For it is in daily life that religion ought to do its best work."

"Not its best, but a great work," answered the Cardinal. "The noblest work of life is always the spiritual. The garden of the soul it should be our first and chiefest care to cultivate. From the holy, wise tending of it, bright is the efflorescence of beauty. But it is also true that the age sadly needs religion in its politics, its public life. I have sometimes seen with pleasure how you have urged this."

"Yes; but I fear that you and I would not mean the same thing by religion in life and politics," replied the baronet. "With you it would mean the submission of society in all its phases to the direction of the Church; with me it would mean the practical acknowledgment in all my acts of an individual responsibility to God."

"We both really mean the same thing," said the Cardinal, adroitly, "only that perhaps I go a step further than you have yet gone. The Catholic begins by recognising individual responsibility. That responsibility is to ascertain and to secure the truth. In your case you profess to be ever searching for it. In our case, the way once found, the humble soul gives itself up to higher guidance. The responsibility has been exercised; it then passes, and the soul is safe."

"Ah!" answered Haverholme, "that is a comfortable reflection; but I could not admit it. My soul would never lie still in any hands but God's. It must be persuaded of itself that each step is best,—that each step is taken with a distinct, unshackled freedom."

"Exactly! and in seeking that impossible freedom such men as you go astray, wander from the road, are lost in thickets and quicksands."

"But what can be the health of a piety which

is simple submission to the prescription and opinions of others?" inquired Haverholme.

"But what if the others are divinely commissioned to impart to you the Divine ideas, the Divine will?" said the Cardinal.

Haverholme's politeness led him to avoid questioning the Archbishop's assumption, about which he entertained a very decided judgment. He simply bowed.

"I have been deeply interested," he said, in order to change the subject, "in some articles of yours on the Vatican Council."

The Archbishop glanced sharply at him. A quick man like the Archbishop takes in an immense range of country, and looks all round him. He was therefore trying to settle in his own mind what his questioner's motive could be; whether it were honest or malicious. For the moment Haverholme was innocent.

"It is an advantage," he added, "to have an authentic account."

A German, who was sitting near, glancing over a book of autographs, looked round with a strange expression on his face. The Cardinal caught sight of him, and, hastily finishing the conversation, rose and walked to another part of the room. Seeing this, the German ventured to address the young man.

"Hey!" he said. "He has gone away. He knows me. You were talking, as I could not help hearing, about his 'True story of the V. C.' He says the Church is the repository of the truth, of a commission to impart the Divine idea, the Divine will. Can you conceive a commission of truth prevaricating, misstating, quibbling?"

"That needs no answer," replied Haverholme.

"Precisely. Well, you have read the 'True Story,' read now the answer of Friedrich and of William Arthur. On most important points, where he was bound to know and must have known the truth, the Cardinal is wrong. What is the inference?"

Haverholme shrugged his shoulders. There are inferences a highly sensitive and honourable man would rather make in the quiet of his own soul and never cast into words.

Strolling through the rooms, Lady Tympany caught hold of the baronet, and exclaimed,—

“Do you wish to see the latest lion? There is Mr. Dens. He is just out of prison.”

Haverholme glanced at the not very extraordinary-looking person pointed out to him.

XVII.

THE REVEREND MR. DENS.

THE Rev. Mr. Dens was the incumbent of Scratchem, yet never was there a less harmful creature, so far as his teeth and his intellect went. One does not indeed look among the class to which Mr. Dens belonged for anything very strong or very dangerous. It is a curious sign of a progressive age that it should be possible for earnest though weak men, of a flabby sentimental nature, by donning a soft hat, adapted to the cranium on which it lies, a long-tailed coat, and other habiliments cut to Papal fashion; by elaborate and showy devotions often performed; by marked obtrusion upon their flocks of those doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church which it

requires most superstition to adopt and least intelligence to comprehend; by tricking out tables to look like altars, with the plain and avowed purpose of evading an explicit law of the Church in which they serve, in order that God may be thereby the more reverently and devoutly worshipped; by decking churches with tawdry fustian and mediæval furniture; lighting candles where light is least required, to make up for the absence of it where it is most wanted; by dressing boys in white calico and other peculiar vestments, and marching them about with silver-plated crosses, banners, censers, and all the vulgar paraphernalia of a sensuous idolatry—to become notorious and honoured. If men like this can get themselves to be regarded as apostles, and followed with reverence by crowds of enthusiastic disciples; if they can win a cheap martyrdom by a very simple process adopted by defrauders, thieves, and other criminals, viz., the simple process of breaking the law, one is driven to the conclusion that there

is in the English commonwealth a frightful deficiency of that sort of religious basis which was contemplated by the grave and reverend men who wrote the Gospels and the Epistles.

Mr. Dens, who could see a principle in a candlestick and a Divine mystery in a paten or a genuflexion, and a religious truth worth preaching about to immortal souls in an embroidered chasuble, a stole, or any other Church milliner's work, and the peril of everlasting damnation in the neglect of an eastward position, could hardly have had brains enough to house any considerable intelligence. Not that it ought to be solemnly denied that he had ; but one can only judge by results. The results most visible, and of which indeed he seemed to be proudest, left no alternative as to the inference to be drawn.

But Mr. Dens was a kindly, soft-mannered gentleman, full of a certain sympathy with old women of both sexes in their commonplace joys and sorrows. Such a man may do infinite good ; he

may do incalculable evil. It is men of his temperament and calibre who are able to enter most warmly and appreciatively into the troubles of their kind, to win their hearts, their affections, and their confidence. For to the simple, the rude, the stupid, the illiterate, it is only a few rare intellects of culture, with very peculiar gentleness and a very fine-strung sympathy, who can become true ministers of comfort or of grace; while rougher or less cultivated or less capable natures may find an access and convey a blessing.

The earnestness of Mr. Dens was formulated and displayed in such a manner as that those who ran might read it. There was no attempt to hide it under a bushel. Witness the programme, or, as one might call it, the diet, of worship set up at the door of St. Mary's, Scratchem, just as you may see the *menu* of the day displayed in the window of a City restaurant to attract the greasy *gourmands* of Gracechurch Street and St. Helen's. You read this Church bill of fare with amazement,

and asked how any human being could digest it. What with early communion at six (to be taken fasting if you would not be damned), and matins at eight, and service at eleven, and prayers at five, and evensong at nine; what with Sunday schools, and *crèches*, and Penny Readings, and the Workmen's Club and Young Men's Association, not to mention mysterious "guilds"; what with the multitude of young ladies to be confessed, and the drilling of the choir in vocal exercises, marching, and genuflexion,—when could poor Mr. Dens have had a moment to employ his brains, if he had had them?

But if Mr. Dens's devoutness was all that could be desired, spectators were forced to admit that his notions of honour and honesty were like those of the Heathen Chinee, "somewhat peculiar." This was what troubled the mind of Haverholme, a strict Churchman, as he joined Mr. Dens. He said:

"I should so like to understand fully your position. How did this unhappy dispute arise?"

"It arose out of that monstrous piece of legislation, the P. W. R. Act," said Mr. Dens, using simply the initials as we report them.

"What objection have you to that?" inquired the baronet.

"You are a Churchman?" said Mr. Dens.

"Oh, certainly."

"Do you think it right that Jews, Dissenters, and Infidels should legislate for the Church of Christ?"

"Are you not a Churchman?" inquired Sir Richard.

"Of course."

"You are also a citizen?"

"Certainly."

"Well," said Haverholme, "how can you refuse to own the power of the same body which established the Church to legislate in regard to it?"

"I admit no power in the State at all to interfere with the Church. It is a compact—a con-

cordat. The Church is independent. She governs herself. She has her own authorities. Those only can we recognise. And those authorities acting only in the ecclesiastically authorised way."

"Stay," said Haverholme. "You interest me extremely, Mr. Dens. I have a good memory, and I recollect the ordination service. Or, perhaps, you have a Prayer Book about you?"

"No; I only have a '*Vade Mecum*,'" replied the other, showing a book with a cross on it. "I have also the '*Litany of the Blessed St. Joseph*.'"

"I know nothing of those works," said Haverholme, with gravity. "Allow me to recall one or two passages from memory, Mr. Dens. On the most solemn occasion of your ordination into the Established Church, calling the dread God to witness, you were asked by your bishop,—

'Do you think in your heart that you be truly called, according to the order of this Church of England, to the order and ministry of the priesthood?'

To which you said, '*I do.*' This, of course, meant, according to the recognised rules, regulations, and relations of the Church in England as established by the State in England."

Dens shrugged his shoulders.

"Again," pursued the baronet, getting more severe in his tone, "the bishop asked you,—

'Will you give your faithful diligence always so to maintain the doctrines, and sacraments, and the discipline of Christ as this Church and the Realm hath received the same, according to the commandments of God?'

To which you replied, '*I will do so, by the help of the Lord.*'"

"Yes," said Mr. Dens. "And I am so doing. I contend that these things were received in my sense by the Church and the Realm when the Church was established. There has been a falling away. We are only now getting back to Catholic truth."

"I hope you will pardon my rudeness, Mr.

Dens, but I can only say that if, in the teeth of the practice and of the history of our Church you believe that, your faith is equal to the largest emergencies."

"It is," replied Mr. Dens, gravely.

"Once more, forgive me," said Haverholme.

"The bishop asked you,—

'Will you reverently obey your ordinary, and other chief ministers, unto whom is committed the charge and government over you: following with a glad mind and will their godly admonitions, and submitting yourself to their godly judgments?'

To which you replied,—*'I will so do, the Lord being my helper.'*"

"Precisely," said Mr. Dens. "But that is always subject to the qualification that the ordinary shall order me to do that which is canonically right, and in accordance with the traditions of the most holy Catholic Church."

"Who is to be the judge?" inquired Haverholme.

"The Church," replied Mr. Dens, without difficulty.

"If I am not misinformed, Mr. Dens, you introduced into your services novelties to which your ordinary objected?"

"No!" answered Mr. Dens, boldly. "I simply returned to the acknowledged practices of the Catholic Church."

"But that is not the 'Church of England,' of which you are a priest."

"There we differ," replied Mr. Dens. "I say it is."

"And, in spite of the law, and the rubric, and the canon, and the Book of Common Prayer, you break the law and defy the archbishop."

"I am acting simply for conscience sake," replied Mr. Dens.

Haverholme, finding that several persons were listening with interest to this curious discussion, here thought it right to retire. The conversation had reached a stage at which it was very difficult

to proceed without an unpleasant frankness, which might have led to an explosion. His friend De Lolme, a Liberal member, a barrister, representing a Northern county, and a man of great culture and steadiness of intellect, agreed to walk home with him.

"Well, Haverholme," cried De Lolme, when they had lit their cigars, "I saw that you got among the ecclesiastics to-night. A cardinal and a martyr in one evening!"

"Ah!" replied the other, in a serious tone. "I had rather not have met either of them. There is the Cardinal, earnest, spiritual, indefatigable, who has written a 'True Story' for the glory of God and his Church, which can be proved to be false. And there is a stupid cleric who has suffered imprisonment for the sake of vindicating his right to break the law and defy the authority of Church and State."

"Do you know the latter's story?" inquired De Lolme.

“Not accurately,” answered Sir William. “I have only a rude notion of it.”

“Well, I have taken some pains to analyse the case,” said the barrister, “and can put it to you in a very compact shape. I suppose you have found it hard to understand Dens’s position. You will find it more difficult the further you examine into his case. He started, you know, one of those ecclesiastical shows, like St. Alban’s, Holborn: adopted a lot of the latest notions, eastward position, candles, and what not; introduced some mysterious garments called eucharistic vestments, which symbolise some awful truth. The ordinary got wind of it and enjoined Dens to abandon these novelties. Dens conceived it to be his duty, for conscience sake, to disobey the ordinary. You know what he swore to do at his ordination? Well, the court ordered him to obey his ordinary. He objected to do anything enjoined by a court established by the State. He disobeyed the ordinary. He was called to account by the

archbishop, who was acting as his ordinary. He said he objected to the archbishop's court. He objected to the Supreme Court of Appeal. 'Well,' said the archbishop, 'what will please you?' He said he would stand by the authority of Convocation. On that the archbishop thought he had him. He cited to the refractory Dens resolutions passed by both Houses of Convocation. But Dens was not to be tied down in that way. He objected to those resolutions, because they had not been 'promulged, or put in use.' The archbishop pointed out to him that though they were passed by, and expressed the mind of Convocation, yet that they could not be 'promulged, or put in use,' for a very good reason, namely, that one of the very statutes which sustained the Church, and in virtue of which Dens was a beneficed clergyman, absolutely prohibited 'promulging, or putting in use,' without the Royal license or sanction. Dens's position then was this, he would not obey the law. He would obey Convocation. Then he said he would not

obey Convocation unless it broke the law. His final stand was taken in these words:

“‘I did not suggest that such an ordinance should have been passed without the Royal license or sanction; but I said that if it had been passed or promulged I should have obeyed it, whether it had or had not received such license or sanction!’”

“And for this he became a martyr!” cried Haverholme. “It looks—

As if hypocrisy and nonsense

Had got the advowson of his conscience!

In other words, the state of Mr. Dens’ conscience seems to have been this. If the archbishops and bishops, &c., will break the law in Convocation, I will observe their breach of law out of Convocation; but if they will not break the law in Convocation, I will refuse to obey the law out of Convocation. On such principles as these Mr. Dens suffered martyrdom, and went to prison for Christ’s sake.”

XVIII.

THE MONSIGNOR AND THE CANON.

HAVERHOLME was a true and honest son of the Church of England. He felt a pride in her history. She was the Church of a people liberated by nothing short of a great moral and political revolution, from the most degrading as well as the most insupportable of all tyrannies — the tyranny of a hierarchy. A despotism which overpowers not only the body but the soul, enfeebles the whole nature, and suffocates the noblest, brightest, purest elements in human life. From such an incubus England, by whatever means it did not matter, had shaken herself free. She had protested with a rare and splendid practical success against hierarchical despotism.

She had fought and won a battle for the liberation

of men's souls from vulgar traditions elevated to divine dogmas; from habits of spiritual submission incompatible with healthy thought and action; from the deep and terrible degradation of a responsibility voluntarily abnegated and of consciences handed over to the management of a sacerdotal caste. That at least had been the meaning of the Reformation in England, if it had meant anything. That was the motive and design of the Reformed Church, if it had had any purpose at all. Emancipation of Christianity from tradition and ecclesiarchy, and restoring it to its first basis on the free interpretation of a Revealed Word, had been in Haverholme's view the intended aim and the actual result of the Reformation in England. And he loved her Church because he saw embodied in her creeds, expressed in her liturgy, symbolised in her worship, enacted in the civil laws by which she had been established in relations with the State, this great truth.

When, therefore, men who had taken vows to the Church, and entered into a contract with the State to preserve the spirit and doctrines of the Church as by law established, were to be found bringing back to life the effete superstitions, insidiously and gradually inculcating those very doctrines of sacerdotal and of ecclesiastical authority and inspiration which had been so carefully excluded from her rubric and formulæ; when they were to be seen openly breaking the law they had sworn to obey, and some of them, like Mr. M'makkoekos and Mr. Dens, posing as martyrs in the cause of a religion which consisted in defying law and ignoring Gospel, our baronet was seized with a violent, though a natural, indignation.

To find some confirmation of Willesden's assertion among politicians, who are not, as a rule, deemed to be hopeful subjects of grace, was not perhaps surprising; but how to vindicate Mr. Dens and Mr. M'makkoekos, or Mr. Mundy Naughticus,

from Willesden's libel was a puzzle beyond the reach of our baronet's straightforward intelligence.

It was while he was revolving this, among the other puzzles of a day in which the public conscience seemed to have gone so lamentably awry, that he received an invitation from the Cardinal to an evening gathering at his house. The Cardinal was not a man to take offence at a plain-speaking person, still reckoned by English usage in the category of "young." It was a part of the ecclesiastic's marvellous power in English society that he moved in it as if he never saw or knew of anything unpleasant. Haverholme could not resist the invitation, the less that the Archbishop had spiced it with an intimation that he expected to bring together two redoubtable champions of the Anglican and Roman Church, and to have a very interesting discussion.

There is no need to describe an evening at the Cardinal's, where the most intelligent and aristocratic of the Roman Catholic connection mingle

with the most *spirituels* of their ecclesiastics, and the most genial and cultured of Protestants. Haverholme was delighted. The usual reserve of English society was here delicately refined down to an easy intercourse, and the Cardinal, with his gentle and insinuating manner, managed to convey that most delightful of flatteries, the sense that he was flattered by the presence of each guest.

It was soon understood in the company that the Canon, whom Haverholme had heard at St. Paul's, was to have a conversation on Ritualism with one of the most renowned of the polemical clergy of the Roman Church in England.

Still young, a man of extraordinary intellect and high attainments, the Monsignor, who was the son of an English tradesman at St. Leonards, had already attained to a distinguished position in the most world-wide of Christian Churches. His sermons—conceived by an astute mind thoroughly *en rapport* with all the intellectual sympathies and

religious feelings of his countrymen, but also in perfect accord with the ideas, habits, and principles of foreign Ultramontaniam,—were wonderfully successful in winning over to his Church persons of culture or of sentiment. He was chiefly triumphant in persuading what may fairly be termed the Roman Catholics of the Church of England that to believe what they professed and to remain in that Church was a gross inconsistency. It was this which rendered the Monsignor a *bête-noir* to the English Canon. For the idea of the Romanists in the Anglican Church resembles that of the frog in the fable. They affect to be able to swell to, if not exceed, the proportions of the larger body they envy.

The Monsignor had come prepared to discuss with the Canon a very curious question. Was it true that in the Church of England, originating and established in the manner above indicated, clergymen were to be found who, having given their souls and bodies to her work,

and solemnly undertaken to believe and to teach her doctrines, to respect her ecclesiastical forms, and to observe the conditions on which her relations to the State were fixed, were intentionally, or in effect, breaking through the bounds they had consented to set themselves, and endeavouring to bring back the Church to the very creeds, formulæ, and ritual our ancestors had so effectively discarded ?

“ May I ask, Monsignor,” said Haverholme, “ whether this is what you charge against the Canon and his friends ? ”

“ I do,” replied the Monsignor. “ I do not say that the Canon, and Dr. Ducey, and Mr. Dens are *intentionally* moving towards the see of Rome. But if we look, not to intentions, but to facts, then I am obliged to declare that, beyond doubt, they are unintentionally, but not the less assuredly, disseminating several doctrines of the Roman Church.”

The English Canon shook himself, and looked at the Roman priest.

“I am glad,” he said, icily, “that the private intercourse you have had with some of us has convinced you that we are not ‘*intentionally*’ moving towards Rome. But you will permit me to say that you do an injustice to our intelligence when you say that we are ‘*unintentionally*’ doing it. You will admit, I suppose, that Dr. Ducey and I know what we are talking about ; and that he, one of the ablest and acutest divines of our school, is so profoundly intimate with the theology of the Roman and Anglican Churches that he could hardly make a mistake about the drift of the movement of which he is so distinguished a leader ?”

“I will admit that with pleasure, if you desire it, Mr. Canon,” replied the astute Monsignor, politely, but giving his shoulder just the slightest shrug, “difficult as it may be to reconcile that circumstance with the concession I have already made in favour of your conscientiousness. A controversialist so acute as yourself,” added the Monsignor, bowing with a studied courtesy,

"cannot, however, fail to perceive how awkward a dilemma this suggests to single-minded observers."

The Canon coloured, but took no notice of this shaft.

"Yes," continued the Monsignor, smiling, "whatever you intend, or do not intend, we are greatly indebted to the Ritualists for the numbers they indoctrinate in Roman ideas and practices, and who afterwards find a natural resting-place in the Mother Church."

"What!" cried the Canon, reddening, "do you mean to imply that any of us are guilty of teaching Roman Catholic doctrine?"

"I do," replied the other, calmly; "I know it. I say our doctrines of the Incarnation, of the Real Presence and Transubstantiation, of the need of absolution, and of reverence for the Saints, are now to you Ritualists household words."

"God bless me!" cried the Canon, "do you suppose I don't know my own Church! The doc-

trine of the Incarnation we never learned from you, though it may be precisely the same as yours. It is true, we believe, necessarily, in the Real Presence of Christ in the Sacrament, since if He is not really present He cannot be taken and received at all ! But that is not Transubstantiation. We believe in absolution thus far—that it may be given by the priest when it is sought by individual members of the Church ; but it is entirely in their discretion. We never teach that it is a necessity. And as for reverence of the Saints, are there not Saints' days specially appointed in the rubric ? But the Roman Catholic doctrine implies invocation, and sometimes addressing directly to them prayers we only address to God."

"Oh !" answered the Monsignor ; "I must indeed be in a fog ! I don't profess to know what your own belief is, though I know you are a High Churchman. But most assuredly some of your school have taught and practised identical doctrines and practices with those of my Church."

"A mere fancy, my dear Monsignor, a mere fancy. I never countenanced such things."

"Well, at all events, men you ought to know something of have done so. Take this little book—the '*Vade Mecum*'——"

"Oh, I don't know it," interrupted the Canon.

"No matter," said the Monsignor. "Palmer—you know Palmer?—published it. Here are prayers for the protection of the Saints in the very language I have used from my childhood."

"Let me look!" said the Canon. "Oh, yes, I see. It is as I expected. These prayers are not addressed to the Saints, but to God, asking Him to hear the Saints on behalf of the petitioner. Very different from praying to the Saints, you know."

"Wait a moment," said the Monsignor. "You are evidently unacquainted with the literature of your own co-religionists and friends. They have been publishing behind your back perhaps, though I see one of them does it '*permissu superiorum*.' You were not one of the *superiores*, then?"

"No, sir," replied the Canon, shortly.

"Well," pursued the Roman, "it is of no consequence. Here is a gentleman, 'Father of the Society of St. Joseph'—are you not a member?—Ah, yes.—Well, here he quotes: '*It is no impiety to say, Holy Mary, pray for us.*' Here again is a row of '*Hail, Marys.*' Here, also, is an invocation which does not appear to be addressed to God: '*O Mother of the God-man, despise not my petition, but, of thy pity, hear, and obtain a favourable answer to my prayers.*' "

"I am not responsible for all the trash that emanates from extravagant enthusiasts," said the Canon.

"True; but you ought to know what the men you are working with, and supporting by your great name, are doing, sir," replied the Monsignor, with some severity. "Here is another book, published by the 'Church Press Company'—do you know the Church Press Company, eh? Never heard of it, I suppose, eh?—Well, if you don't

choose to answer, look at this: '*Procession and Veneration of Relics*'—'*Salve Regina*'—that's not lip-salve, you know, but prayer to the Virgin: '*Hymns to our Lady and St. Joseph.*' Upon my word, this book almost took me in. It could be used, with the slightest modification, by our Roman Catholic people. See this: '*Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of death.*'"

"I never heard of the book," said the Canon.

"But you have heard of the society?"

"Yes," replied the Canon, yawning. "It is composed of young men, chiefly. One of the rules is, never to enter a Roman Catholic church. How did you get your information?"

"That's tellings," said the Monsignor. "But you are a member, are you not?"

"Well, yes, I suppose I am; at least, I was—I think," answered the Canon. "But I cannot read everything. I am not responsible."

"We will drop that subject if it is the least

unpleasant to you," said the Monsignor, courteously. "You said, I think, you did not teach the doctrine of Transubstantiation, though you do teach the Real Presence?"

"Precisely," answered the Canon.

"I don't ask you how you could justify teaching the one or the other in face of the '*Homilies*,'" said the Monsignor; "but let us go on with our inquiry. Here is a verse taken from a little book called the '*Treasury of Devotion*,' edited by a Rev. Mr. Carter,—a friend of yours, I think."

"I think I may go so far as to say that I have reason to believe that I know him," replied the Canon, cautiously, beginning to feel that he must act strictly on the square, and not commit himself too far.

"Now, let us see," went on the Roman. "Here are three lines,—

*'Wondrous truth, by Christians learned,
Bread into His flesh is turned,
Into precious blood the wine.'*

That looks like Transubstantiation, doesn't it?"

"Oh! in all probability due to inadvertence," said the Anglican Churchman, with a faint blush on his cheek, which, however, rapidly disappeared. "It is certainly indefensible. My good friend Carter may never have noticed an expression which was probably determined by the necessities of rhyme."

"Determined by the necessities of rhyme, sir!" cried the Monsignor, vehemently. "Is it possible that a clergyman of the Church of England, arguing about a question of vital doctrine, will condescend to such quibbles as that? Why, sir, do you not know that these words come from the '*Lauda Sion*,' a hymn of our own Church, a hymn of the blessed St. Thomas Aquinas, and are an exact translation? See here:

*'Dogma datur, Christianis,
Quod in carnem transit panis,
Et vinum in sanguinem.'*

Does it mean a different thing when it is taken out of our books and printed in yours ? ”

“ Ah ! well, I remember now,” said the Canon, “ Carter has explained it himself. He says: ‘ The word *turned* may imply various kinds of change, such as moral change, a change of condition, not necessarily a physical change ; and it is here intended to imply a sacramental change.’ Now that I think of it, I abandon my first position, and accept this one of Mr. Carter. But, after all, I admit it is a dubious and deplorable expression.”

The Monsignor glanced at the Canon for a moment with a look half of amusement and half of pity, and then he took up another book from the bundle that lay on the table.

“ Have you never made yourself responsible for any such terms as these ? ” he inquired of his antagonist.

“ Never ! ” answered the Canon.

“ Well, it is very curious, and deeply to be

deplored, that a brother of the Holy Trinity—I think you are a member of that fraternity?——”

The Canon nodded.

—“Told me,” pursued the Monsignor, “that you and another member edited this little book, ‘*The Priest and the Altar.*’ I had thought, by the way, that there were neither priests nor altars in the Church of England?”

“You have been misinformed,” said the Canon. “We are gradually eliminating the Puritan leaven, and getting back to pure Catholicism—which isn’t Romanism, you know.”

“Very well,” said Monsignor. “But, look here, here are the very same words used by Mr. Carter in this book which you own you had to do with.”

The Canon looked confounded.

“Here is more of the same sort, Doctor,” went on Monsignor. “In the same book, ‘*The Priest and the Altar,*’ you know, occur these words: ‘*Send down Thy Holy Spirit upon this Sacrifice, that He may make this bread the Body of Thy Christ.*’ Sacri-

fice, priest, altar—these are gratifying signs of a Protestant Church! Oh, here is another, I had almost overlooked :

‘Humbly I adore the hidden Deity,

Which beneath these symbols art concealed from me.

* * * *

Seeing, tasting, touching, all are here deceived,

But by hearing only safely 'tis believed.’

St. Thomas Aquinas to the letter, by all the saints ! ”

“ Oh ! ‘ *The Priest and the Altar.* ’ Why, bless you ! ” cried the Canon, “ that book was edited by a vehement anti-Romanist. My own responsibility for it is most limited. I only revised some of the proof-sheets and defrayed the cost of publication.”

“ You could scarcely have done much more, my dear Canon, except write it yourself,” said the Monsignor, with a sniff. “ You pay for printing something you call ‘ indefensible,’ and it was a book for the use of souls, and yet you deny your

responsibility for it! I *can* understand Jesuitical casuistry, having studied it myself; but I am unable to comprehend your exact moral position. Pray, let me call your attention to something else. A little book has been published by your great leader, Dr. Ducey, a very able and profound theologian, to whom we are very grateful, who has given us a most distinguished set of converts. Here, in his '*Paradise of the Soul*,' read,—

*'Bread His flesh, in truth and spirit,
And the wine becomes His blood.'*

Transubstantiatory rather, is it not? And 'A Committee of Clergymen,' twenty-sixth thousand,

*'Word made flesh, the bread of nature
By His word to flesh He turns;
Wine into His blood He changes.'*

Something more than Real Presence, there, my dear Doctor."

"Not as I understand it," replied the Canon.

"Ah, then you would use words in a non-natural sense, would you? That is very Roman Catholic. You are advancing, dear brother. Again, look here, just one more *morceau*, by a Dr. Neale. Do you happen to know him?"

"Know him!" said the Canon. "A most revered man. I loved him, and his memory is fragrant as incense."

"So is his Roman Catholicism," said the Monsignor."

"He died in the English Catholic Church, sir!"

"Well, all I can say is what the old woman told me in St. Giles about her son's marrying a Protestant, '*He hadn't ought to.*' Here is what he says, making a distinction between accident and substance. '*Substance*' — Transubstantiation — eh?"

"*Substance is that which makes a thing to be what it is. The accidents remain, the substance is changed.*" You could not express Transubstantiation more plainly."

"Oh, dear and honoured Dr. M'Neale! A perfect Church brick, you know. By the way, talking of bricks, can you tell me why the Greeks called a perfect man *τετράγωνος*—foursquare—and the Romans *rotundus*—*totus teres atque rotundus*—round and smooth, as a tower? And we call such an one a 'brick,' which, you will observe, is oblong."

The Monsignor thought a minute.

"Well," he said. "The Greeks loved symmetry, hence they took the most perfect ideal of proportion, an exactly square figure. The robust Roman loved strength and solidity, of which a tower gave him the best ideal; besides, being of martial nature, he admired a tower. We are a practical nation, and like what is the most useful, and a brick is the shape best adapted to safe and economic architecture."

The Canon shrugged his shoulders.

"You may be right," he said.

"Aha!" cried the Monsignor, laughing, "you

want to divert me from my point? What do you say for your friend M'Neale? Permit me to say that if he is a perfect Church brick he is a brick in the wrong Church."

"Why, surely, you won't press that? You know *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*," replied the Canon.

"Ay!" retorted the Monsignor, with some warmth. "But, remember, Homer was a heathen, and felt no responsibility for doctrines on which hung the fate of immortal souls. I tell you, sir, if Homer nodded now and then, Dr. M'Neale and you ought not to be caught nodding over questions of theology."

"You be —— a —— excommunicated!" cried the Canon, in great wrath. "I have stood this sort of thing long enough. We will have no more of it."

"As you please, Doctor," said his reverence, bowing profoundly. "May I give you a kindly word of caution? Do not again deny publicly

that Roman Catholic doctrines are being unintentionally taught in the Church of England ; or else admit that they are taught intentionally. It is natural to err. But remember

— *though truth and falsehood be
Near twins, yet truth a little older is."*

XIX.

THE GOD JINGO.

SIR RICHARD HAVERHOLME began to despair of his time. As he turned from politics to religion, and from one form of religion to another, and from both to society, and from society to its new boasted school of prophecy the press, a spirit of insincerity and falseness seemed to pervade them all. Beneath, there may have been some palimpsest underscore of good principle, but what were the chemicals, and where was the chemist, to bring up the hidden characters into legible brightness?

Like magic, a change had come over opinion in England. Scotland and Ireland retained their self-possession, but in the southern kingdom a

spirit had broken loose, especially in the metropolis, which overpowered generosity, humanity, dignity, and the national self-reliance. A new religion had taken the place of the old, and threatened to sweep away Protestantism, Roman Catholicism, Judaism, and Positivism.

In fact, all other worship had, by half the nation, been discarded in favour of the worship of THE GOD JINGO.

As the old anthropomorphic divinities embodied ideas current in humanity, so Jingo was the embodiment of the floating spirit of the day in the British nation. I say in the British nation, for there he chiefly found favour and worship; although in France, among wild Liberals and with opportunist Radicals, there were not a few who professed to bow down to him.

Jingo was a divinity to swear by, and by him swore his devotees. The oath "By Jingo" was to be heard alike in the palaces of nobility and of gin, in Mayfair drawing-rooms, in Pall Mall

and Piccadilly clubs, on the stands of race-courses, in the lowest music-halls, and most loudly on the London Stock Exchange. Wherever snobbishness and vulgarity, and tradesmanliness and speculation, and fraud and greed were most conspicuous, there especially would you find the men who swore "By Jingo." On the other hand the correct and polished members of the Snarlton Club swore "By Jingo." It had indeed been suggested that the oath should be registered and copyrighted for their exclusive use, but a reference to Sir Drumhead Lupus, who had sat on the Copyright Commission, convinced them that this could not be accomplished without a change in the law.

The worship of Jingo was not a caste worship. His devotees were of all ranks and classes. They were dukes, they were marquises, they were earls, they were barons,—like Lord Strathnoddie, and belted knights—like Sir Drumhead Lupus, and knights of the shire—like Mr. Banbury; it

was hinted that princes were among them, as there certainly were chimney-sweepers. They worshipped Jingo with heart and voice as the one true god. Songs were written in praise of him, and forwarded, like the hymn of Habakkuk, to the chief singers, where they met with an official reception. Crowds gathered at City fanes to honour him with loud acclaim. The Lord Mayor acted as high priest, and grave and sober merchants, some of them Members of Parliament, mingling with Stock Exchange gamblers and warehouse clerks, danced to him like priests of Baal and gnashed their teeth at his enemies. Israelites abandoned the golden calf and ran to worship him. Before him Gog and Magog paled their ineffectual splendours. He was the toast of City liveries, and to his glory libations of generous wine were nightly poured out on altar-tables, at the expense of foundations which had been left to "pious uses."

Who was Jingo?

He came from the East. Those who had seen him said that he was a monster, mighty and terrible, with wings as the winds, a form like a sphinx, and a mould that was Caucasian. His face was of brass that shone fiercely, and his eyes were full of fire, and his nose was as the nose of an Hebrew of the Hebrews, and his mouth was full of filth, which he spat at his enemies round about. And he stood upon his hind legs. And in his hand there was a bludgeon, wherewith he brake the heads of his enemies. A frightful monster called the Daily Bellowgraff went before him—howling.

There were those who averred that Jingo was only the spirit of a barbarous Asiatic despotism transmigrated from a political body in the East to a political body in the West, and adapting itself cunningly to the circumstances of a free people. Undoubtedly, had he disclosed his real character he would have had but a poor reception. But he was a deity who, like Jupiter,

condescended to trick both men and women. His originally brutal and bloody nature was veiled under constitutional forms and Christian ideas. He was indeed held up to praise as a god of Christian charity—a charity so broad and deep that it took murderers and violators to its bosom, and wept over the sorrows that came out of their crimes. Lords and ladies noted for their Christian benevolence laid down thousands to prove what a gentle and beneficent deity was he they worshipped, and patriotic editors, losing all self-control, penned elegiacs to his praise in tears and snivel.

Jingo's success was owing to an influence which helps alike tradesmen and deities in a tuft-hunting community like that of Great Britain. He was presented to the public "under distinguished patronage." Moreover, he was described as the guardian deity of the national honour; an honour which, up to that day, had been thought by sturdy Britons, from Admiral Seymour to Charley

Napier, to be safe in the hands of her brave sons, trusting to the Most High God. Jingo was also represented as the tutelary genius of our Imperial glory. This was a most novel thing to Britions. Of honour and Imperial glory the Englishman thinks much, and has hitherto—as became an assured dignity — said little, considering them matters so serious and sacred as to need no brag or buncombe to commend them, seeing how wondrous well they had hitherto held their own in this world, and yet had hope of continuing to do, under the blessing of God.

Like Beelzebub, Jingo was a god of flies. The smallest ideas were sufficient to ballast the minds that engaged in his worship. The silliest follies were serious when you had once given over your body and soul to Jingo. He was popular because he embodied the idea expressed in a not infrequent and very characteristic English toast, "*Our Noble Selves.*" Sounded by an honest criticism, the religion of Jingo seemed to be a

religion of selfishness, of ambition, of braggadocio, of cruelty, of hypocrisy and lies. But it was part of the art with which his *cultus* was introduced to a public so eminently pious and respectable as that of Britain to call him "The Gentlemanly Spirit," "The Chivalrous Spirit," "The Spirit of Honour," "The Patriotic Spirit," "The Truly Loyal Spirit"—and other names as accurate—and as imposing. Crowds ran to write themselves down as gentlemen, men of honour, patriots, and truly loyal persons by bowing down to Jingo. On the other hand, to deny Jingo was to run the risk of being charged with faction or sedition, and of having your head broken as an atheist or a republican.

Jingo-worship was ingeniously commingled by his clever hierarchs, apostles, dervishes, scribes, or what not, with current ideas of religion. His devotees thought that in worshipping him they were adoring the Head of the Christian Church and promoting peace on earth and goodwill to-

wards men. They were led to believe that Jingo-worship and righteousness went together. So that even bishops and clergymen, though very, very few of them, were found among his disciples.

Perhaps the most strange fact about this divinity was the unanimous worship which he received from the Jews, on the one hand, and the Jesuits, on the other. As neither of these astute persuasions adopts a line of action or a religious policy without consideration, it must be taken for granted that each of them saw in the worship of Jingo the possibility of some political or financial advantage. Many persons of a severe Protestant principle and some morality were repelled from his worship, and naturally suspicious of it, when they found it supported by parties of that character, looking upon this fact as rather an argument in favour of the other side. But as Jingo and Contango, and Jingo and Papal Infallibility were firmly knit together, and gloriously in the ascendant, the doubts of the vain and frivolous persons

to whom we have alluded were of little consequence.

The effect of the worship of Jingo on society and individuals was incredible. Quiet Christian people became war-fiends. Signs of demoniacal possession began to be exhibited by the mildest members of certain Houses. Steady-paced Liberals burst out in prophecy, of a doubtfully divine character, against the Muscovite and all his works. The mere mention of the Czar to a Jingoite was like holding a red rag to a bull. Gentle and peaceably inclined persons who abhorred vivisection became bloodthirsty fanatics, and mild evangelicals took to testing explosive balls on their lawns.

It was a peculiarity of the Jingo religion to worship success for its own sake, and without regard to the manner in which it was attained. It would begin with one theory, and end with the opposite. It would profess one aim while seeking

another. It preferred to win its ends rather by force and bluster than by right and a tactical assertion of it. Its worship was conducted amid the blare of trumpets, the neighing of horses, the roar and whistle of engines, the waving of flags and the display of audacious splendours, rather than by the dignified calmness and simplicity of a righteous cause and a self-conscious force. Moreover; to begin by swearing one thing and to finish by doing another was the test of a thorough-paced Jingo devotee.

Jingo was called a god of Policy. To his disciples were recommended the study of Machiavel. Like Pythagoras, his worship was esoteric and exoteric. The esoterics worked in secret, and the exoterics shouted and prayed in public. The manner of working was as profound a mystery as the African or American Mystery Man. It was the craft of the esoterics to make the people believe that they ought not to know too much.

It was their duty to bring in their offerings, and exhibit their devotion, and cultivate their piety, and to allow the Archpriest and his colleagues to determine and to do what they pleased. As Rome had a secret name, which its rulers would never reveal to the common people, lest the discovery of that name to their enemies should lead them to the calling forth by enchantments of the penates and patronal gods, so the free people of Britain were tricked into the belief that to discover the secrets of Jingo would be fatal to the commonwealth. And behind and over Jingo the priests spread a royal umbrella, as is done in Dahomey over a fetish, in order to give the god the additional awfulness of the royal grandeur.

Many were the prayers, hymns, odes, dedicated to Jingo. Of these one may suffice, of characteristic literary and poetic excellence :

ODE TO JINGO.

I.

*O great divinity
Of brag and buncombe ! We
Wassail and worship thee,
Imperial Jingo !
All hail, great deity !
We'll ever drink to thee—
(When we can get it free)
In lush or stingo !*

II.

*Alsopp and Hanbury—
True men and fit—shall be
Our purveyors, and we
To Coombe will cling, o' !
We'll have no Liberal tips,
Bass's disloyal flips
Never shall wet our lips,
Never ! by Jingo !*

III.

*By thy great name we swear,
India shall be our care,
And the Imperial bear-
 'S 'snout we will ring, o' !
If he assail our right
We'll let him see our might :
We'll show him how to fight,
 We will, by Jingo !*

IV.

*We're not pugnacious ;
But, O by gracious !
If his audacious
 Paw he should fling o'-
'Ver the great Bosphorus,
—Sulphur and phosphorus !—
Whate'er the cost for us
 Britons (by Jingo !)*

v.

*No Slav monopoly
In Adrian-opoli !
No Cōnstān-tinōpōli
Writ in Slav lingo !
Rather, we'll polish him
Off ! We'll abolish him !
Yea, we'll demolish him !
By the Great Fingo !*

vi.

*We've Jews who bills can shave,
We mighty galleons have,
Thousands of sailors brave
To fight we'll bring, o'
Britain shall show again
How she can stand the strain ;
Britain shall rule the main
Once more, by Fingo !*

VII.

Service we pledge to thee,

Ruthless divinity,

God of audacity,

In Hanbury's stingo !

Hail to thy ministry !

Hail to the glorious three !

Heady, Saltimbury,

And Lord Benjingo !

XX.

LORD STRAITHNODDIE.

THE apotheosis of Jingo might now be said to be complete. He had become the first favourite in the British theogony.

The circular of Lord de Saltimbury, criticising in nervous and arbitrary language the terms of the Russo-Turkish treaty, had been received with a chorus of applause. Europe professed to be delighted with the audacity of a Government which was ready to take it on its own shoulders to vindicate public law, to maintain the sanctity of treaties, and to beard the Colossus of the East. England was once more the leader of Europe.

Once more was an independent Turkey to rule

in Europe and in Asia, the guardian of European interests of the gate of India, &c., as expressed in the nervous language of Lord Blansidon, one of Jingo's warmest devotees. Britain was to resume among nations the position she had lost under a Liberal Administration. There would be no further laughing into the very mane of the British lion ! No one would now think of asking,

Is our new civilisation a dream ?

Or is the Caucasian played out ?

when Lord Benjingo was riding upon the clouds in a triumphal car, with a cherubic convoy of peers and members of Parliament, Sir Drumhead Lupus and Mr. Mid-Lincoln acting as footmen, and a curious attendant flight of Hebrew, Ultramontane, and Positivist publicists fluttering their paper wings and screeching their raven-voiced praises in polyglottish discord.

The views which were current will some day become the subject of the wonder and the sarcasm

of the historian. In the flush of enthusiasm multitudes ran through the streets and gathered beneath the windows of Lord Benjingo. A Lord of the Bedchamber harangued them from the top of a beer barrel, and told them that the Prime Minister was grateful for their loyal and patriotic conduct. *The Chimes* had again changed its tune. Lord Benjingo, who had at one time dwindled in their regard to a mountebank, was now a statesman. Mr. Goodrock, who had been a noble and unselfish prophet, had become in their eyes a mischievous and discontented agitator.

Prime among the forms that came to the front, and rode upon the storm, was that much-abused martyr and hero, my Lord Straithnoddie.

A writer who was commanded to construct a biography out of Lord Straithnoddie would be set a task as hard as that of the Israelites when they were ordered to make bricks without straw.

The first notable incident in the life of the noble lord was his birth. The second was his

succession to a peerage on the death of his father. The third would have been his death, had it not been for the accident of an Eastern question. When that appeared in the horizon, travelling with the sun, Lord Straithnoddie, who wore a smoked eye-glass and was on the look-out, saw his opportunity.

The hour had come when Britain needed a heroic son. In the opinion of Lord Straithnoddie he was that son. The British public was going into lunacy, leaving him, Straithnoddie, alone with his own lucidity. Not liking thus to be left by himself, an embarrassing position for a man of sensitive shyness, he protested.

Sir Thomas Browne has said: "*We are often constrained to stand alone against the strength of opinion, and to meet the Goliath and giant of authority with contemptible pebbles and feeble arguments drawn from the scrip and slender stock of ourselves.*" This was precisely Lord Straithnoddie's position. And what with the strength of public opinion,

and the Goliath force and authority of Mr. Goodrock, the noble lord, with a pebble in his eye, which he did not throw at anybody, but used to assist his vision in gazing for cobwebs in the roof of the House of Lords, made a poor and ineffectual figure of it.

In those days, I regret to write it, he was a subject of universal derision. There was what the French call a *brouhaha* when the noble lord, followed by a tail of threadbare satellites, marched about the streets looking for some Minister to interview. *The Chimes*, in those days of its righteous affectation, was peculiarly cruel on poor Lord Straithnoddie and his group of adventurers. But his revenge came. Lord Straithnoddie had faith—faith in the great Jingo, faith in a British public. And his faith met with its reward. He lived to see *The Chimes* writing up the cause which, when he was its solitary prophet, it had attacked with its most pitiless scorn. He lived to read in those columns, where he had been

abused for an idiot, the very arguments which he had employed, and to see the very policy on which he had insisted sustained in its leaders by every ingenuity of logic and style. What an infinite pleasure to a peer, with no other distinction, to see *The Chimes*, which had characterised his ideas and arguments as drivel, afterwards reproducing and selling the same at threepence a sheet!

XXI.

INDO-GOTHICISM.

HAVERHOLME had, in his recent experiences, obtained painful proof that individuals of lofty professions were fallible. There was now an opportunity of testing the standard of the public conscience.

One afternoon society was electrified. Jingo was Jove, and

— *diespiter*,

Igni corusco nubila dividens

Plerumque per purum tonantes

Egit equos volucremque currum.

Out of the clear sky rolled a peal of thunder. Her Majesty the Empress of India was announced to have ordered a contingent of Sepoy troops into

Europe, to protect the interests of Great Britain. Parliament, though sitting, was not informed, nor was it consulted. Provision being made for the year's expenditure, not a word, not a figure, indicated in the Chancellor's budget the coming demand. Parliament providing an army of fixed numbers to serve out of India, not a syllable of warning was afforded that more troops would swell that army, in spite of the traditional and constitutional jealousy on this question. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, interrogated, coolly replied, with the benign indifference of a man who is above criticism, that it was not "necessary" or "usual" to communicate such a proceeding to Parliament; it was only a transfer of troops from one part of Her Majesty's dominions to another. Behind him sat a Constitutional party—fugleman extraordinary Admiral Hollowstone,—yelling approbatory choruses, learned in the saturnalia of Jingo.

A fanfare of trumpets sounded forth from Printing House Square and Peterborough Court

and Northumberland Street. On Lord Benjingo had descended the mantles of Machiavel, of Metternich, of Talleyrand, and of—Chauvin.

Haverholme met Sir Drumhead Lupus in the lobby. Sir Drumhead, the Ministerial Mercury in the House of Commons, was a knight. His dignity was official.

"Will you tell me," inquired the baronet, "what all this is about? What are we going to war for?"

"We are not going to war," replied the knight. "*Russia will give in.*"

"Glad to hear so from such an authoritative source. Then why are we spending so much money, and making such a theatrical demonstration?"

"It is because of that demonstration that she will yield," said Sir Drumhead.

"Well, what are we going to get out of Russia that she has not offered to give us?" inquired the baronet, who knew that Sir Drumhead could

express the exact views of the Government policy which were held by those who were loudest in praise of it.

"Russia will have to submit the Treaty of San Stefano to the Congress in every article, without any reserve, for full and unrestrained discussion."

"Good," said the baronet.

"She will have to withdraw from Constantinople."

"Good again," cried the baronet.

"She will have to give up the strip of Bessarabia," pursued the knight.

"Yes."

—"She will have to retire north of the Danube, and leave Turkey to rule autonomous provinces on the south and west."

"Anything more?" inquired the baronet.

"She must give up any idea of a free Bosphorus, and restore Batoum and Bayazid, and release Turkey from the war indemnity; and even then I am not certain that there are not some

high statesmen who think that we ought to occupy a strong post in the Ægean, if we do not go to war to break down the Russian power for the next half century."

"All this, then, is the Government policy?"

"It is," replied the knight.

"And all this can only be gained by a terrible and a tremendous war."

"Well," said Sir Drumhead, "if Russia does not yield, I see no other way. We must protect the gate to India. We must humiliate and check her, or we are lost. That is our policy."

"May you succeed!" said Haverholme, gravely.
"Count Screwfalloff still continues to negotiate. I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. But, you see, our people are bent on nothing but a complete knuckle-down. This is a magnificent move of Benjingo's with the Indian troops."

"It is an outrage on our Christianity and our civilisation," said Haverholme, with a tinge of

anger in his face. "We are the protectors of these natives. They have not those privileges of free and independent relationship which are enjoyed by our other Imperial communities. They have nothing to say to the policy which we, their conquerors and governors, order them to maintain with their blood. Their interest is not direct—it is unreal and remote. It is the British Empire, and not Indian good, that you are asking them to fight for. And there is no intelligent principle in their assistance. Since savages were subsidised to fight against our brethren in revolt in North America, no Minister has ever performed an act so dastardly as that of Lord Benjingo's Cabinet in this case. We are the trustees for this people—their guardians. What greater outrage on a lofty chivalry could have been committed than for a knight to have abused his privilege and influence with his young ward, by getting him to fight his guardian's private quarrels?"

“ These are fine sentiments, but you forget, India is part of the British Empire. They share our glory and our protection. Why should they not fight our battles—fight to preserve the empire which blesses them ? ”

“ Because the two positions are wholly irreconcilable. You cannot defend your empire by a subject race made warlike on your behalf, and expect them very long to remain submissive. Be assured, they will soon learn their power. If they were willing to accept the situation, it would be the very worst indication of their character and quality—a proof of their worthlessness. But if they should prove to be unwilling to accept the situation, what then ? Their present position is perfectly comprehensible, and not to be impeached. They may justly be called on to defend good government so long as we secure it to them. In addition you now ask them to defend interests in which you can never persuade them that they are really concerned.”

"But they are concerned," cried Sir Drumhead Lupus. "In defending Constantinople from the Russians we are really defending the key to the Indian Empire."

"Stuff!" said Haverholme.

And there can be no doubt that he had exactly described the fustian of Jingoism by that scornful monosyllable. Never in the history of a great country has the intelligence and common-sense of its people been more abused than by the arguments by which the votaries of Jingo defended the principles of his worship.

But, at all events, Sir Drumhead Lupus had briefly summarised the Government programme. To epitomise it in three words it was, *humiliation of Russia*.

In faith of this programme, Benjingo and De Saltimbury received a *carte-blanche* from the British nation to go ahead. Six millions, Exchequer Bonds, Supplementary Estimates, Indian troops, an enormous expenditure made in feverish

haste to put the army and navy on a war footing; purchases of horses, tents, preserved meats, torpedo boats, huts, sandbags, railways, ironclads, biscuits, steam-transport, everything that the foresight of officials dipping their hands into an exhaustless purse and the cunning of jobbers taking advantage of a time of frenzy could suggest, was purchased at prodigious cost.

All this was watched by the Jingoites with a gay and ferocious delight. The so-called Christian policy had been beaten, squeezed out. At length had a man been found able to catch the true spirit of his countrymen, and to embody for them that spirit in fitting action! Wild with frenzy they ran together, saying, *The gods have come down to us in the likeness of men.* The miraculous Premier had worked a new wonder. He had made the halting old British lion to stand up and dance on his hind legs. And they called Benjingo Jupiter, and De Saltimbury Mercury, and declared themselves ready to sacrifice to them if necessary.

There is no evidence, however, that either of these apostles of Jingo rent his clothes or ran among the multitude to stay their profane adulation.

At length everything was ready. The nation, having rolled up its shirt sleeves, stood facing the Russian, singing,—

*“ We’re not pugnacious,
But, O by gracious,
If his audacious, &c.”*

At the spectacle of this great, novel, and patriotic attitude Europe shouted its applause. And then there was a hush.

XXII.

COUNT SCREWFALLOFF'S OATH.

ONE gentleman had watched all this hustle and bustle with the coolness of a scientific diplomatist and the astute intelligence of a man of the world. He had, in addition to his own practised and keen intellect, the advantage of being aided by a very able staff with an endless capacity for intrigue. Thus he could read the surface of English society for himself: if he desired to know its innermost secrets, they were at his disposal. With his fine thoughtful face and his chivalrous and dignified manner, he at once won and fascinated those with whom he came into intercourse. When you imagined he was wholly engaged in trying to please you, he was, in truth, taking your measure with marvellous sharpness and accuracy, and when you went away from him, he passed on you a

favourable or an unfavourable judgment with the certainty of a logical induction. Thus he had measured Lord Benjingo and Lord de Saltimbury. He saw through the imposing conceit of the one and the ambitious, but truly loyal, egotism of the other. And he quietly resolved that they, in spite of all their braggadocio, should, with their own hands, write off the slur thrown upon the dignity of Russia by the proceedings of England, and, in effect, eat their own high words in the face of Europe. He would save the kernel, for which his master cared, and leave to Benjingo the husks, which were ornamental and showy, but of the most superficial value.

“Jingo,” said he to himself, “may continue to be a popular British fetish, for all I care, and all the better if he does; the Britons will believe in him and be delighted with themselves. But, by Jingo himself, he shall yet be scowled and scouted and spit at in all the rest of Europe, or my name is not Screwfalloff.”

XXIII.

THE RESULT OF COUNT SCREWFALLOFF'S OATH.

COUNT SCREWFALLOFF succeeded. After infinite work and trouble he one evening stepped out of Sir Gilbert Scott's Foreign Office, after having shaken Lord de Saltimbury warmly by the hand.

"My dear Marquis," he said, "*Au revoir!* We shall meet at the Congress. The game stands at ten points!"

In his pocket he carried a document signed by the great English Minister and himself. The Congress was to meet in ten days, and Great Britain was to go into it bound hand and foot to ten points.

The next day announcements appeared in all the journals. Pæans of laudation in every style

and tone, from the mild music of *The Chimes* to the Hebraio-barbaric fanfaronnade of the *Daily Bellowgraff*, and from the church-like tones of the *Parish Steeple* to the cymbaline clatter of the *Turkophile Gazette*. Russia had submitted. Great Britain now occupied a pinnacle such as she had never attained since the days of the younger Pitt. Jingo be praised! And Lord Benjingo be honoured and acclaimed! A telephonic rapture was conveyed to every quarter of the world. It is not too much to say that, on that and the next day the apotheosis of Jingo reached its climax of glorified perfection.

XXIV.

A SCARE.

WE say the next day. For, twenty-four hours later, the enthusiasm received a slight check. An afternoon journal, of an old-fashioned and exceptional respectability, gravely stated that an agreement had been signed by Lord de Saltimbury and Count Screwfalloff, containing the terms upon which Russia had consented to accept an invitation to the Congress, which was to be couched in the same phrases as those addressed to other Powers, and to lay down as a condition a free discussion of all the terms of the Treaty of San Stefano. This last condition was the one that had given and was giving the intensest lustre to the Benjingo policy. "*Russia has knocked under!*"

was the universal cry. To win that triumph every loyal Englishman ought to have felt that the sacrifice of eight millions was a flea-bite.

But the *Nightly Orb* threw upon this burning victory a dampening dash of fact. It asserted, that, instead of carrying out in letter and spirit the terms they were alleged to have wrung from Russia, the Cabinet had themselves made an arrangement which practically prevented them, in honour and in national faith, from raising any hostile discussion on a number of points contained in the celebrated treaty. It was furthermore asserted that ten particular heads of policy had been settled as between the two countries.

The lobbies of both Houses were crowded with excited members. Sir Drumhead Lupus and a number of other Turkophiles were discussing the matter in the smoking-room.

"It cannot be true," said Mr. Banbury, slapping one hand on the other.

Mr. Banbury had come in fresh from an un-

contested election. He was a gentleman who had the enviable characteristic of perpetual youth. It was stated that he stood next in size to the "Woolwich Infant." To win a personal gratification he lost his party a seat at Cramworth, an error a Whip never forgives. Cramworth was a comfortable little borough, having the preposterously extravagant right to return two members to the Lower House, and it had, before Mr. Banbury's time, distinguished itself by sending to represent its men not unknown in Parliamentary annals. Mr. Banbury had for some years consented to place at its disposal his classic attainments and sweetly gentle eloquence. But all this time Mr. Banbury was doing Cramworth an injustice, or else playing a false part. He must have loathed Cramworth. They were a low lot, who might be good enough for Sir Robert the brilliant and bold, but to the high-minded Banbury they would seem to have been but an effete and even stupid crew. It happened that when he retired, the magic of his

influence went with him; or else the electors thought they had had enough of men of his sort. A Tory and a Jingo like himself, but of course of inferior quality, was put up and decisively knocked down. A Liberal won the seat. Mr. Banbury had the alternative of remaining quiet and saving his dignity, or of abandoning his dignity and having his say. He preferred the latter. He let the world into a secret, which the world might, with its usual politeness, have left unexpressed, had he not chosen to put it in words. In his, Mr. Banbury's, opinion—and no one could have had a more personal knowledge and experience on the matter than he—the constituency of Cramworth was of such a character that, in certain circumstances, *it would elect a donkey!* Every one was charmed with Mr. Banbury's *naïveté*. There can be no reasonable doubt, that in any Bill for a re-distribution which may come up in his time, Mr. Banbury will take care that a constituency so valuable to the Tories shall never be disfranchised.

But all this time the honourable member has been standing before us in the act of slapping his hands.

"It cannot be true," he said. "Eh, Lupus?"

Sir Drumhead Lupus gazed through his spectacles up several feet into the face of Mr. Banbury. There was a feeble twinkle in his eye.

"It may be," he said, with a husky voice. "But if it is, it is only a part of the arrangement."

"The devil!" said Mr. Woking, a very hot but genial Tory, forgetting, in the excitement of the moment, to swear by the fashionable divinity. "Do you see what it says? It binds us not to object to certain points, and it gives Russia Bessarabia, and Batoum, and Kars, and Bulgaria north of the Balkans to a Russian prince; and, upon my word and honour, I want to know what all the fuss has been about, if this is true!"

"Let us all go to the Lords!" was the cry. The Lords were as animated as the Commons.

The noble Jingoës were thunderstruck. At the earliest possible opportunity one of the oldest and most respected of the peers rose and questioned the Marquis de Saltimbury as to the truth of the statement published in the *Nightly Orb*.

"Is this true? Is it true that an agreement, the ten points of which are stated explicitly, has been signed between Great Britain and Russia?"

"The statement is wholly unauthorised, and is quite undeserving of credence," the Foreign Secretary replied.

"Then I take it not to be true," said the earl. The marquis made no reply, and left the earl to his conclusion.

What more was to be said? The *Orb* was wrong. There was no such arrangement. Every Jingo breathed a new breath. My Lord Benjingo and my Lord de Saltimbury were indeed about to pass to Berlin as the dictators of Europe.

XXV.

MR. DOUBLEHALTER AND "THE CHIMES" TAKE
FRENCH LEAVE.

THE effect of all this on the mind of Mr. Doublehalter, to whom for a moment we return before dismissing him into that space called oblivion, is worth a record. On a singular occasion for such a recantation, namely, one of those strange ecclesiastical feasts which follow upon the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of a house for the worship of another God, Mr. Doublehalter made a speech somewhat favourable to Jingo. He stated that "he had always taken a hopeful view of the Eastern Question. The prospects of peace had very much improved since the Congress had been resolved upon, and since

two such powerful and able statesmen as Lord Benjingo and Lord Saltimbury had been chosen to represent England at that Congress."

It was plain that Mr. Doublehalter's suspicions of these men had vanished. They who in 1877 had made such a hash of it, in subjecting the interests of the people of Turkey to those of Britain, and who were now, so far as was known, pursuing the same policy, had to the new convert assumed a new and noble character. They were fitting representatives of English policy in the great Congress where the interests of those people were to be settled for generations. Their policy of jealousy of Russia had proved to be just and humane. Such are the uses of adversity!

It was a symptom of the depth of the degradation to which its conversion to Jingoism had brought *The Chimes* that, when it was demonstrated that Lord de Saltimbury's answer had been a gross prevarication, it did not defend him on the ground that no one had a right to push him

for an answer on a matter so critical and secret, but it boldly declared, in the teeth of the facts, that no candid man could have drawn any other conclusion from what Lord de Saltimbury had said, except that, admitting the correctness of the statement, he was unable to verify it from motives of policy.

Jingo was indeed in the ascendant! He who had been the deity of the Prime Minister had gained the conscience of Lord de Saltimbury, had estranged the buccaneer affections of the *Bellow-graff* from Mr. Goodrock to Lord Benjingo, had carried away captive the heart of Mr. Doublehalter, and had made *The Chimes* a champion of deceit and dishonour.

One may well ask how far the existence of such a paper as this is a healthy sign in any community. Is truckling an honest business? Is the turnspit movement of a dancing dervish a sane attraction to intelligent Christians? What are the moral uses of weathercocks? Is it a credit

to the public conscience to see the prodigious success of *The Chimes* and the *Daily Bellowgraff*, in the one case keenly watching the play of selfish class interests, and following vulgar and ignorant popular passions in the other? Is a society that can watch unmoved with shame, and even admire and contribute to such success from day to day, penetrated with any moral principle? Does a nation with such prophets believe in Christianity? Is it really certain that truth is better than falsehood, honesty than chicane, moral purity than material advantage, the heavenly and the Divine than the earthly and the human? Does it worship anything but success? Has it any god but Jingo?

XXVI.

THE CLIMAX.

WE read in ancient mythologies of gods who ran their worshippers rather hard. They demanded not only their faith but their honour; they asked not merely a sacrifice of a sheep or a bull, but of all that makes life bright and noble. Thus the fatal Jingo, having once established his supremacy, exacted from the people of England a submissive and absolute sacrifice of their judgment to the will of his great Prophet. Their faith had already been stretched to the utmost danger of snapping under the frightful tension put upon it. One after another came the tests, each more trying than that which preceded it,

from the six millions to the Indian contingent. Still the strands held bravely. Surely they would bear anything! Benjingio was the man to find out. To his credit be it said he never wanted daring. He is not one

*Who fears to put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all.*

Following at once upon the announcement that a Congress had been arranged for, came the news that my Lord Benjingio would go in pomp as the Lord High Plenipotentiary of Her Britannic Majesty, assisted by Lord de Saltimbury. The Cabinet and Parliament in this serious crisis were to lose the authority and the aid of two of their most weighty members. The head of public affairs in this country was to be absent, at once from his Sovereign and the Parliament to which he was responsible, during a period when the authority and interests of both were passing through a critical ordeal. Was it possible that

this latest, this flagrant audacity would pass unchallenged ?

Yes.

The Anti-Jingoes were disheartened. They were demoralised by the flaming success of the Jingo policy. And, having had the opportunity of studying Lord Benjingo for forty years, they drew the apt conclusion that he would not have undertaken this magnificent personal exhibition had he not seen his way to come out of it laden with roses and laurels. Believing that Russia had succumbed before the showy ferocity of the past two months, and that peace would ensue, they thanked God that things were no worse, and that the Premiership and Dukedom of Benjingo would be got over so cheaply as at a cost of £8,000,000. As for the Tories, they, as we have said, appeared to have abandoned the principle of individual responsibility. They had become Ultramontanes of Jingoism.

To the Congress, then, not only unchallenged;

but accompanied by the shouts of devotees and the loud flattery of the Press, Lord Benjingo passed in solitary grandeur. For it was discreetly arranged that Lord de Saltimbury should follow by himself, in order that there might be an absolute monopoly of honours by the Chief of the Cabinet.

From London to Berlin his passage was a triumph. This was the man who had trampled on the neck of the Russian Bear! This was the saviour of Europe!

Amid the noise and applause, the rattling of trains, the rush and cheers of men, and that flattering incense of a world bowing and wondering, could it ever have passed through his mind that by the way he had gone he must come back, and that as he came back he would live or die in history—Statesman or Impostor? No alternative. Success, crowned with the well-earned laurel of a nation's gratitude and a world's admiration. Failure, emphasised by a

nation's indignation and a world's contempt. A fearful cast of the die. But he has taken the box in his trembling hand. Here goes!

All that has been won by his first throw is—a strawberry leaf!

XXVII.

JINGO TAKES ANOTHER TURN.

THE ups and downs of Jingo-worship were the latest modern improvement upon a seesaw. The elevation of to-day was the depression of to-morrow. The joys of one day were corrected by the griefs of the next. No sooner had devotees learned a chant of triumph than it merged into a low wail of sorrow. This was peculiarly and ludicrously manifested in the variation of tones of the Jingo organs.

My Lord Benjingo at Berlin, posing before kings, plenipotentiaries, and a mob of socialists, with a royal bouquet and a strawberry leaf, was a spectacle which thrilled the heart of English Jingoese with pride. Nothing like this had ever been seen or done in English statesmanship.

But the *Nightly Orb* continued to roll round its appointed course, and one evening it suddenly flared up with a novel and meteoric brilliancy. It published the whole of that agreement which the astute Screwfalloff had carried away in his pocket from the Foreign Office. What a revelation! The draconic programme of Sir Drum-head Lupus had disappeared. Point by point the new arrangement dashed the high hopes of Jingo-Turco politicians. The interests of Europe had vanished into space. Worse than all, and most shameless, the same Cabinet which had affected to vindicate free discussion in the Congress, had beforehand deliberately limited the scope of its own action.

The outcry was terrific. The glory of Benjingo paled before the fierce heat of criticism and of anger which flamed up all over the Continent. The *Journal des Débats* and *République Française* changed their sweet and sickening adulation into acid criticism and rebuke. The English Jingo

rent their clothes, and shouted, "Ichabod! Ichabod!" The glory had departed from Israel!

And what of my Lord de Saltimbury? He was fortunately absent from the House of Lords when the indignant peers gathered to ask what this meant. But the angry old earl, whom he had deceived before all the world, followed him to Berlin with such a letter as no reputable English statesman, except Lord Benjingo, has of late years been able to survive. Having, however, become a worshipper of Jingo, he doubtless looked up to the god, who had carried his illustrious chief with distinguished triumph through circumstances more trying than these, to bring him out of this difficulty with flying colours.

But one moment! An episode!

'Tis said that one straying through the gardens of the Radziwill Palace, in the heat of the day, observed a man of distinguished appearance hurriedly running, and walking up and down through one of its thickest and most retired shrubberies,

his hat off, his hair dishevelled, and a book in his hand, of which he read and re-read a couple of pages with feverish haste, muttering as he read. At length he cast it from him with an exclamation, and, forcing his hat down on his head, fairly ran away, through the palace, down the Wilhelm Strasse, and into the Kaiserhof, where the High Priest of Jingo had his temporary abode.

The observer picked up the book, bound in morocco, and in the leather, deeply indented, were the arms of the De Saltimbury family. It was the first volume of Park's *Nuzæ Antiquæ*. It opened readily at a well-thumbed page, and upon words part of which have already been cited. They were, however, memorable in themselves, and worth remembering now : words addressed by Sir Robert Cecil, ancestor of Lord de Saltimbury, to Sir John Harington, page 345.

" You know all my former steppes ; good knyghte, reste content, and give heed to one that hathe sorrowde in the bright lustre of a courte, and gone heavily even

to the beste seeminge faire grounde. 'Tis a great taske to prove one's honestye, and yet not spoil one's fortune. . . . I am pushed from the shore of comforte, and know not where the wyndes and waves of a courte will bear me ; I know it bringeth little comforte on earthe ; and he is, I reckon, no wise man that looketh this way to heaven. We have much stir about counceles and more about honours."

* * * *

I know not what took place in the Kaiserhof, but Lord Benjingo proved to be equal to the emergency which had arisen. Had he foreseen it? Had he planned it? Had the ingenious god inspired it? Who shall tell? The great prestigiator suddenly appeared before Europe. A second ago there was a Russian agreement. "Prestol!" The Russian agreement had vanished. Benjingo stamped his foot, waved his wand, swore an oath by the great Jingo, and lo! Russia retired beyond the Balkans, and Turkey, restored to Roumelia, stood among European nations once more, independent and guaranteed!

XXVIII.

THERE IS A GOD.

AFTER these events Haverholme and all who agreed with him hung their heads. When David complained that the wicked prospered, and grew fat, and left their substance to their babes, which seemed to trouble him, he could hardly have experienced a keener shock of scepticism than that which thrilled the worthy baronet at the sight of this astounding success. It was very hard to bear, and for the time he felt it to be irreconcilable with his faith in the influence of Things Unseen upon the world around him.

In this mood he one day met Willesden, who was mooning about the lobbies.

"Well," said the old man. "You Hawardenites

are shut up at last, I am glad to see ! Cant has had the punishment it deserved. I hope you are ashamed of yourself. You have wasted your sympathy, placed your trust in a lying, swaggering, cruel, and tyrannical scoundrel, who would have taken Constantinople if he could; and but for Benjingo's firm attitude and preparations the Russians would have been there to-day."

"They could have been driven out again," replied Haverholme, coolly. "Time enough to think about the Czar's breaking his promise when he refused to fulfil it."

"What ! are you not satisfied now ? All Europe is buzzing with applause of our magnificent policy. We have thrown the tyrant on his back. He has had a lesson that will serve him for a generation or two."

"We do not yet know the terms on which this alleged victory has been won," said Haverholme, significantly. "I, for one, should be far better satisfied could I be certain that all we have got

was not to be had without an immense expenditure and an outburst of undignified fury which has been injurious to ourselves and may make the Muscovite our enemy for generations. I shall be better able to give an opinion when I learn the grounds on which Russia has given way, and what she is to be paid for doing it. I don't believe she has knocked under to England for nothing."

"Don't be envious of the other side," said Willesden. "We have at length got hold of a man who knows his mind and follows it steadily."

"I reserve my opinion on that point until he comes back with a treaty in his pocket which can be shown to be far beyond anything the Russians were ready to give us according to Gortschakoff's circular and the Emperor's promises. *The Chimes* may do its best to represent Benjingo as a marvel—a truly 'miraculous Premier,' but *The Chimes* is a new convert, and

naturally extravagant. Benjingo is a clever man, and his name *may* go down to posterity with glory. But he has yet to prove himself to be a statesman in any great sense. The cleverest of party tacticians, I should like to know what his record shows of good to anybody but himself? For my part, he reminds me of a man in one of Marvel's little satirical ballads—I think it was about some Lord Mayor,—

*'His words nor his oath cannot bind him to troth,
And he values not credit nor history ;
And though he has served thro' two 'prenticeships now
He knows not his trade nor his mystery.'*

But let us dismiss him for the moment. He has gone to seek glory on the Spree. A characteristic conjunction ! Come to a topic far more serious. Do you remember a talk we had some time ago, after my speech on Goodrock's amendment ? ”

“ Oh, perfectly,” replied Willesden. “ You

were flooding the place with nonsense about 'responsibility' and 'higher powers,' and what not; and I cut you short."

"Ay," said Haverholme, "you cut me short with a striking statement, which I have not forgotten. You said: 'Point me out any man or set of men who afford by their lives and principles of action that they are certain that there is a God.' No doubt your mind was particularly directed at the moment to the inconsistencies of Christians."

"Yes," answered old Willesden, with a laugh. "And I suppose you have come back to tell me I was right?"

"No: on the contrary. I have found such a set of men! A set of men who believe absolutely in their god, and will follow him fearlessly to every extremity. A set of men who give up body, soul, spirit, conscience, affections, wealth, energies to his service. A set of people who obey without hesitation the dictates of his high priest, and

never ask a reason to be given for that they are called upon to do."

"Oh, you mean the Ultramontanes?" cried Willesden.

"On the contrary, I have found the Ultramontanes not so faithful to their principles as I expected: but the devotees I allude to are thoroughly true to theirs."

"The Ritualists?"

"The Ritualists are abandoned reprobates compared with the people I refer to. No. Let me explain myself. I am bound to say that, looking in the direction where I should naturally seek for such testimony, I have been amazed and confounded. The professors of Christianity puzzle my faith by their works. But there are votaries who do afford by all their acts and their words, and in the declaration and practice of their principles, clear and undoubted evidence that there is a god in whom they believe."

"Indeed!" said Willesden.

"Yes," replied Haverholme. "And their faith, like that of Mahomet's, is summed up in one sentence,—*There is no god but Jingo, and Lord Benjingo is his Prophet.*"

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